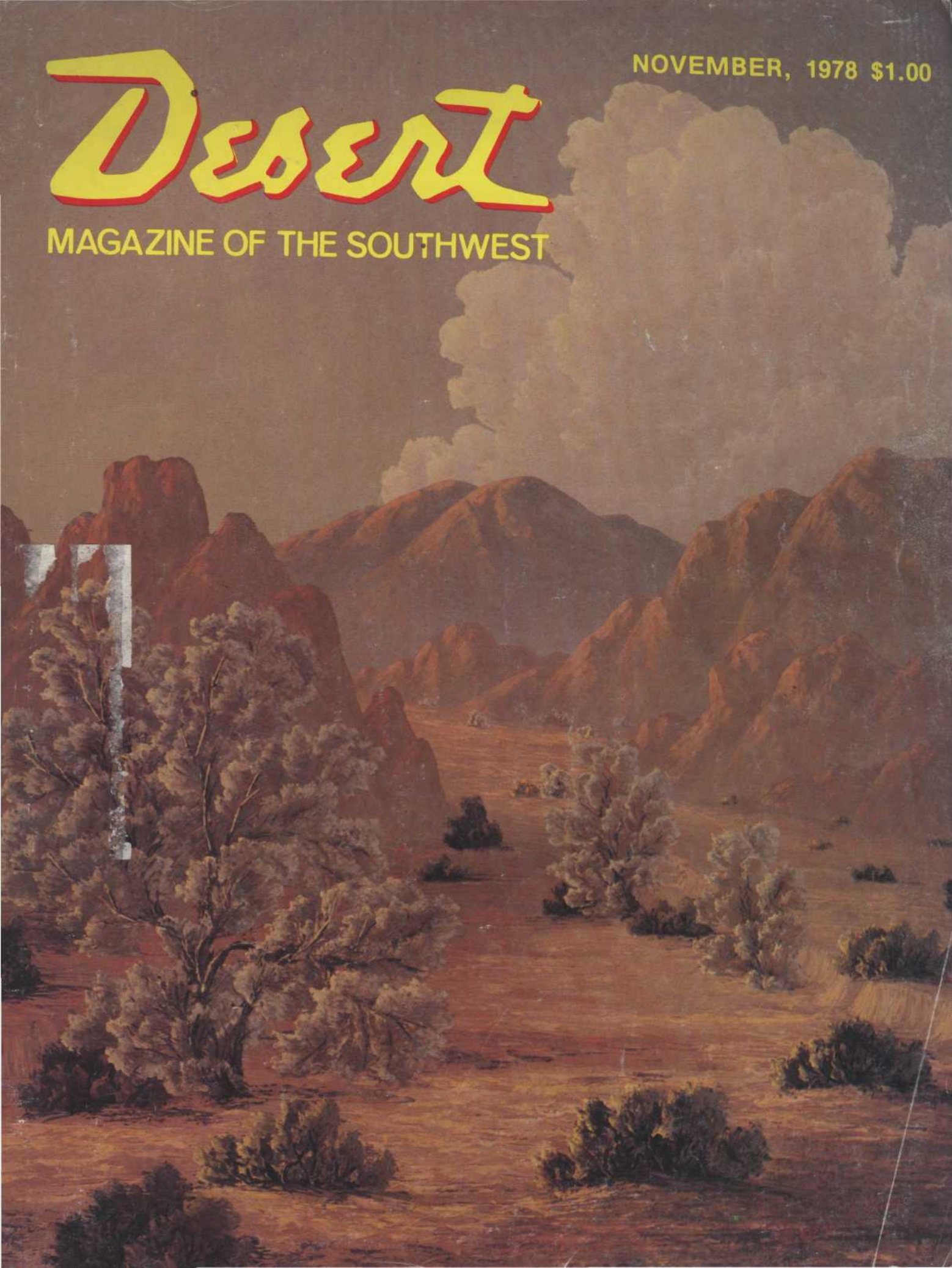


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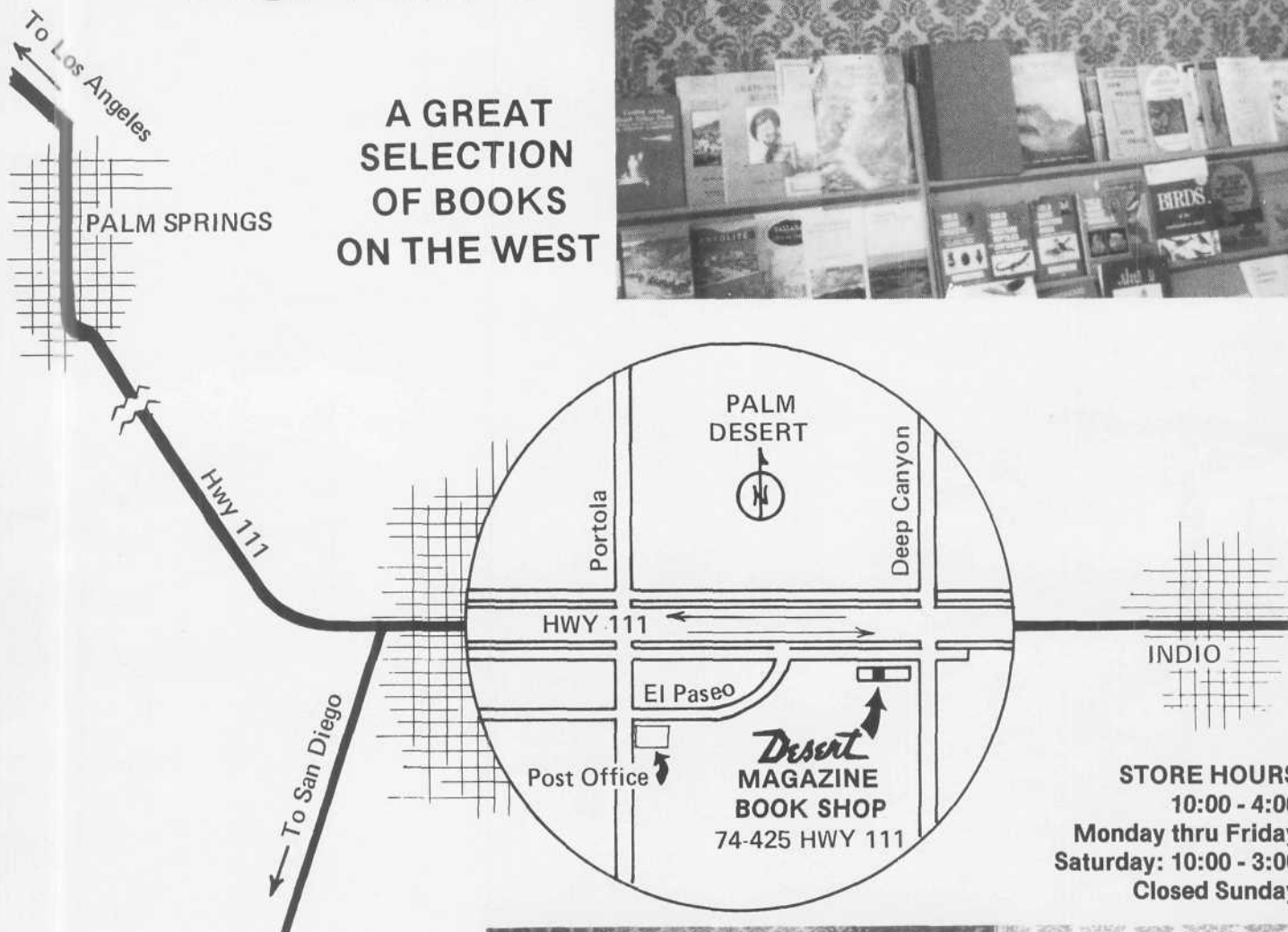
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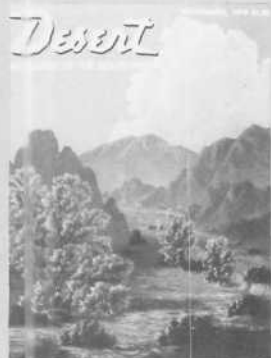
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THE COVER:
"Box Canyon," near Indio,
California, an original 30" x
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ONE OF the great lures of the desert area is the tales of ledges of mineral wealth being discovered and then "lost." The finder, after a good assay report, never could retrace his trail and another "lost legend" was born.

The Lost Silver Ledge in the Trigos is a great example because it was found and lost by four different men. Historian Harold O. Weight described the elusive ledge 21 years ago in the May, '57 issue of *Desert* with a rundown of the four unfortunate gentlemen.

The ledge was supposedly located a "day's journey" from the Silver Clip Mine (see original map), the greatest lead-silver producer ever worked along the Colorado River. Ore worth over a million dollars was recovered between 1883 and 1887. One of the four men mentioned in the article said the ledge was "richer than the Clip."

Now, almost 100 years after the first discovery of silver in the Trigo Mountains of Southern Arizona, a fifth man claims to have found the silver ledge!

Jim Peaden, of Thousand Palms, California, a long-time *Desert* reader, came into the office just before press time with pictures and a short letter to back up his claim, both of which appear on page 47. The photos show a close-up of the ledge and its discoverers, and attests to the wildly-broken country that has been responsible for the elusive "Trigo treasure" and its off-again-on-again history.

Jim has promised to keep us informed of any new developments, and hinted he had another tale up his sleeve.

So, for all rainbow-chasers, this makes the pulse beat just a little faster with anticipation.

William R. ...

A Peek in the Publisher's Poke



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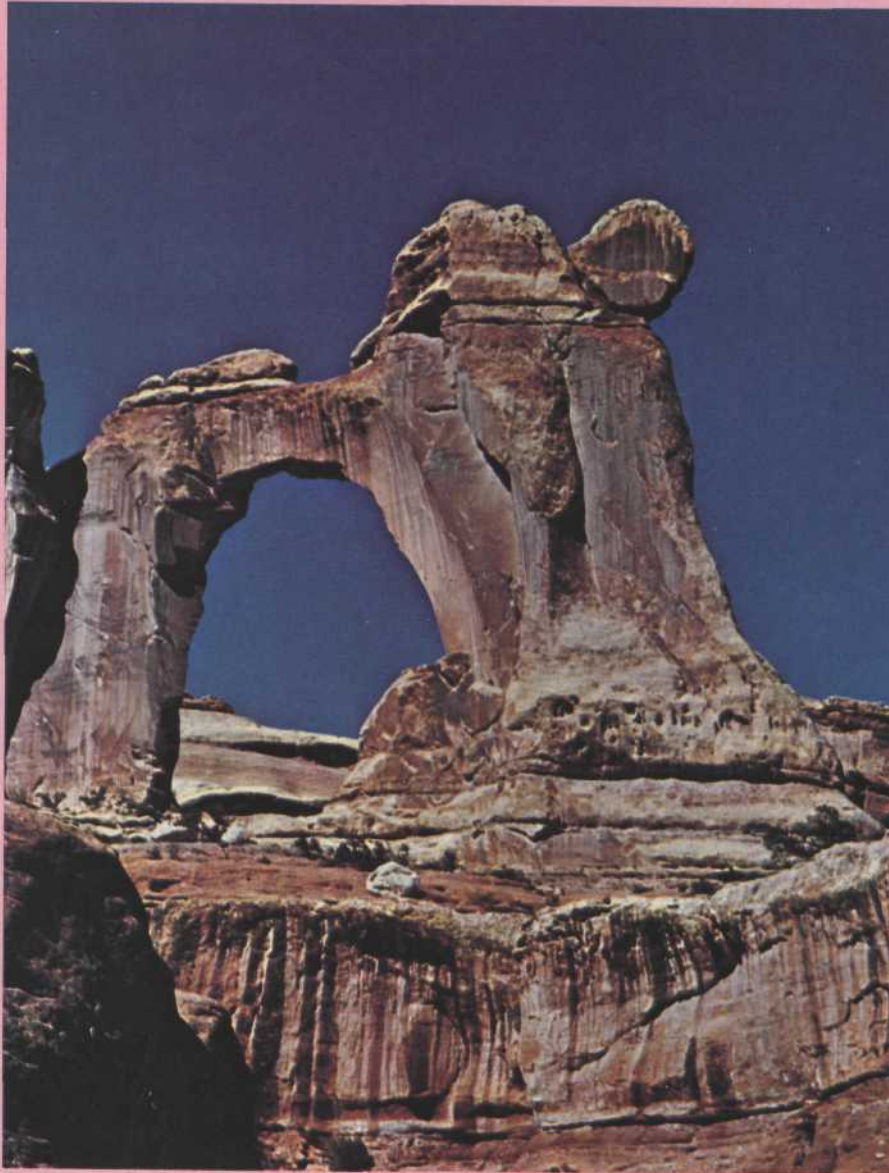
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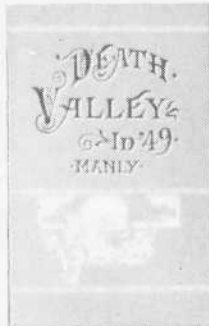
Angel Arch in Canyonlands National Park



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DEATH VALLEY
IN '49

By William Lewis Manly

Despite the millions of words in hundreds of volumes, many experts feel there are only two or three good books about Death Valley. Although they may disagree about the other one or two, just about all of the specialists agree that William Manly's 1894-published recollections of his travail nearly a half-century earlier is the best.

In fact, that's the only sustained objection to this famous volume—that it took so long for him to write it. Another might be that it took so long for this reprint to appear. Actually, this rerun by Chalfant Press, Inc., of Bishop, California, is the fourth version.

Manly's role in the Death Valley tragedies of the Gold Rush colonists should be well-known to everyone by now, but this reprint, in the original type, will be a best-seller, we predict.

Ironically, perhaps, one of the other so-called best books on the Death Valley saga was written by the founder of Chalfant Press, the pioneering Owens Valley newspaperman, William A. Chalfant. His book, "Death Valley, The Facts," was published in 1930 and, like Manly's epic, has been out of print.

Manly's tardiness in setting down an eye-witness account of the 1849 argonauts' crossing of the Amargosa River sink is explained by the fact that his book is in reality his autobiography, written when he was about 75 years old and perhaps forgetful.

Either forgotten or modestly omitted are many of the almost superhuman feats of Manly and John Rogers, the saviors of the Bennett-Arcane party. When that party had eaten most of its oxen, and thus destroyed the best escape equipment it possessed, Manly and Rogers set out on foot, across the Panamint Mountains southwesterly toward the known Mexican settlements near the

old San Gabriel and San Fernando missions.

They found help at the San Francisco Ranch, near the present town of Newhall, more than 200 miles away, secured horses and food, a little money and started back to Death Valley.

Almost as miraculous as their journey out of the valley to get help was the fact that Manly and Rogers returned at all—for the temptation to abandon the little party of seven wagons would have been very great for many. But return they did, after many weeks of travel, covering more than 500 miles.

And another miracle occurred. They found the little camp and most of its emaciated inhabitants still alive, and the final miracle, they were able to lead them to safety without further loss of life.

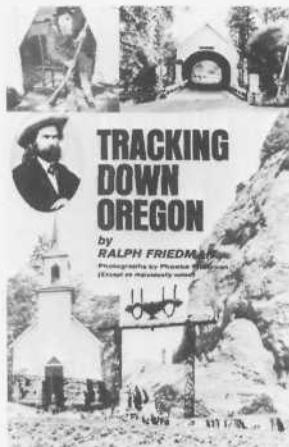
Manly, modestly perhaps, does not take the credit for naming the desolate camping place. Someone in the party did, but Manly at the end of this matter-of-fact narrative merely says:

"Just as we were ready to leave and return to camp we took off our hats, and then overlooking the scene of so much trial, suffering and death spoke the thought uppermost saying:—'Goodbye Death Valley!' then faced away and made our steps toward camp. Even after this in speaking of this long and narrow valley over which we had crossed into its nearly central part and on the edge of which the lone camp was made, for so many days, it was called Death Valley."

The book is precisely as originally written and printed, even to the predictable typographic and spelling errors from handset type. The only addition is a foreword by Donald M. Spaulding, current superintendent of Death Valley National Monument. The Chalfant people reprinted the book in cooperation with the Death Valley Natural History Association.

Spaulding, from the safety of more than a century of time apart, recalls that Manly's account has long been the subject of some controversy, namely over his remembrances of the route traveled and the location of the Bennett-Arcane long camp, but he also stresses that Manly wrote only a personal account. Others, namely the Reverend J. W. Brier, Sr., and his wife, Juliet, wrote theirs. That none of them agree is understandable.

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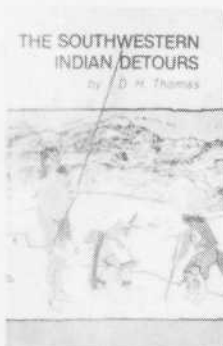
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Oregon, says author Ralph Friedman, is more than places and names on the map. "It is people, past and present, history, legend, folklore. . . ." So we invite you to track along with him, in this new book from Caxton, to encounter the rare and unusual in Oregon, "to locate a waterfall seen only by a few, to hunt out a burial ground soaked with the juices of history, to discover the amazing Jim Hoskins of Pilot Rock, the tragic Captain Jack, the remains of Fairfield, the cavalry names etched on a desert bluff, the legend of a gunslinger. . . ."



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THE
SOUTHWESTERN
INDIAN DETOURS
By D. H. Thomas



The mystique of the Southwest is composed, in almost equal parts, of its incomparable scenery, the romance of its aboriginal residents, the daring exploits of the early white explorers and, more recently, the sometimes audacious actions of its contemporary boosters and exploiters.

Ms. Thomas, a most prolific writer on a great variety of southwestern topics, has resurrected the history of the greatest regional auto tour firms of them all, Santa Fe Railway's Fred Harvey-Clarkson Southwestern Indian Detours. The buses and four-door sedans weren't long enough to carry that full title, which was not the corporate name anyway.

During the expansion era of the historic Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway into the southwest during the 1880s an enterprising Britisher, who really was named Fred Harvey, took over station lunchrooms and later the dining car operation for the new railroad. Harvey House girls became a part of the language as well as the lore of the region. Harvey's dining cars made Santa Fe the most famous way west.

Particularly, Harvey had a lot to do with publicizing the wonders of the little-known region as well as improving public facilities wherever Santa Fe tracks reach, and sometimes beyond.

The Indian Detours represented the "sometimes beyond," stretching the tourist area served by the railroad many hundreds of miles, into northern New Mexico and Arizona Indian Country, particularly the Pueblo, Navajo and Hopi enclaves so seldom visited previously.

When Santa Fe built through New Mexico and Arizona under the aegis of its subsidiary, the Atlantic & Pacific, there was little hope of immediate local revenue for its trains from either freight or passenger sources. The goal was the treasure of the Pacific, represented by California's agricultural and mineral

wealth. Passengers mainly wanted to get to Los Angeles or San Francisco. Stopovers were only those necessary to service the trains or 10 to 20-minute meal stops at such unlikely places as Las Vegas or Gallup, New Mexico, or even less inhabited hamlets like Seligman, Arizona.

But soon it became evident the romantic attractions of the aboriginal villages, the scenery and the general wild west atmosphere would bring as many tourists as through travelers, if a way to bring accommodations was found as well. Enter Mr. Harvey who became manager of Santa Fe's new hotels, eating houses and even the new resort on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon.

And, a few decades later, the Harvey hospitality extended to auto and bus tours beyond the rails, supplementing Model T services around El Tovar and other Santa Fe resorts on the South Rim and elsewhere. The new palatial buses and sedans ordered in the mid-1920s were the forerunners of the many charter and parlor car bus tours of today.

The Harvey organization by this time was headed by Fred's son, Ford, who

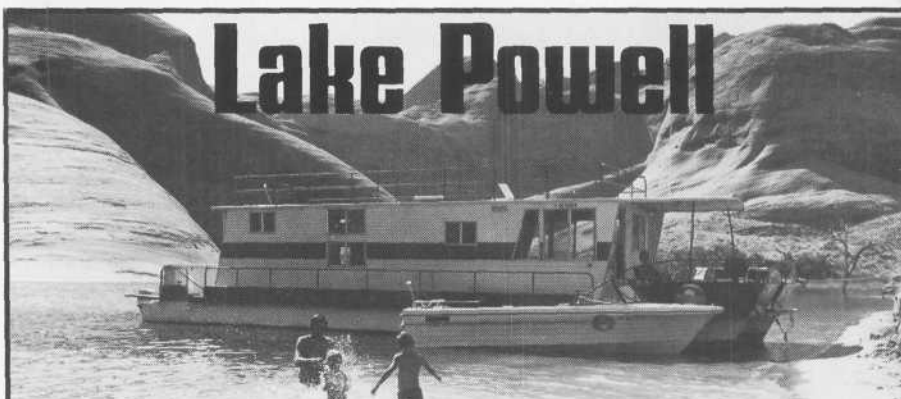
brought in another Britisher to head the new tour operation. Major R. Hunter Clarkson, late of His Majesty's Royal Artillery and later the embryo Royal Flying Corps, became manager of the new service in 1925, after four years of prior service with Harvey.

Ms. Thomas' interesting history is backed with personal interviews among the surviving drivers and women couriers from both related companies, many of whom had met and married while in Detour service. She also secured their scrapbooks, most importantly their snapshots, along with official records from the railroad and the Harvey-Clarkson companies. Gray Line bought the rights to the name, Indian Detours, from the major's brother, James Clarkson, in 1968, and continues the operation today.

Both the Harvey firm and the Santa Fe, persist, of course, and readers of this highly informative and historically important book know that the major's old operation will never die either.

Illustrated with scores of rare photographs, old maps and travel posters, the book is available for \$5.95 paperback, and \$8.95 hardcover, 327 pages.

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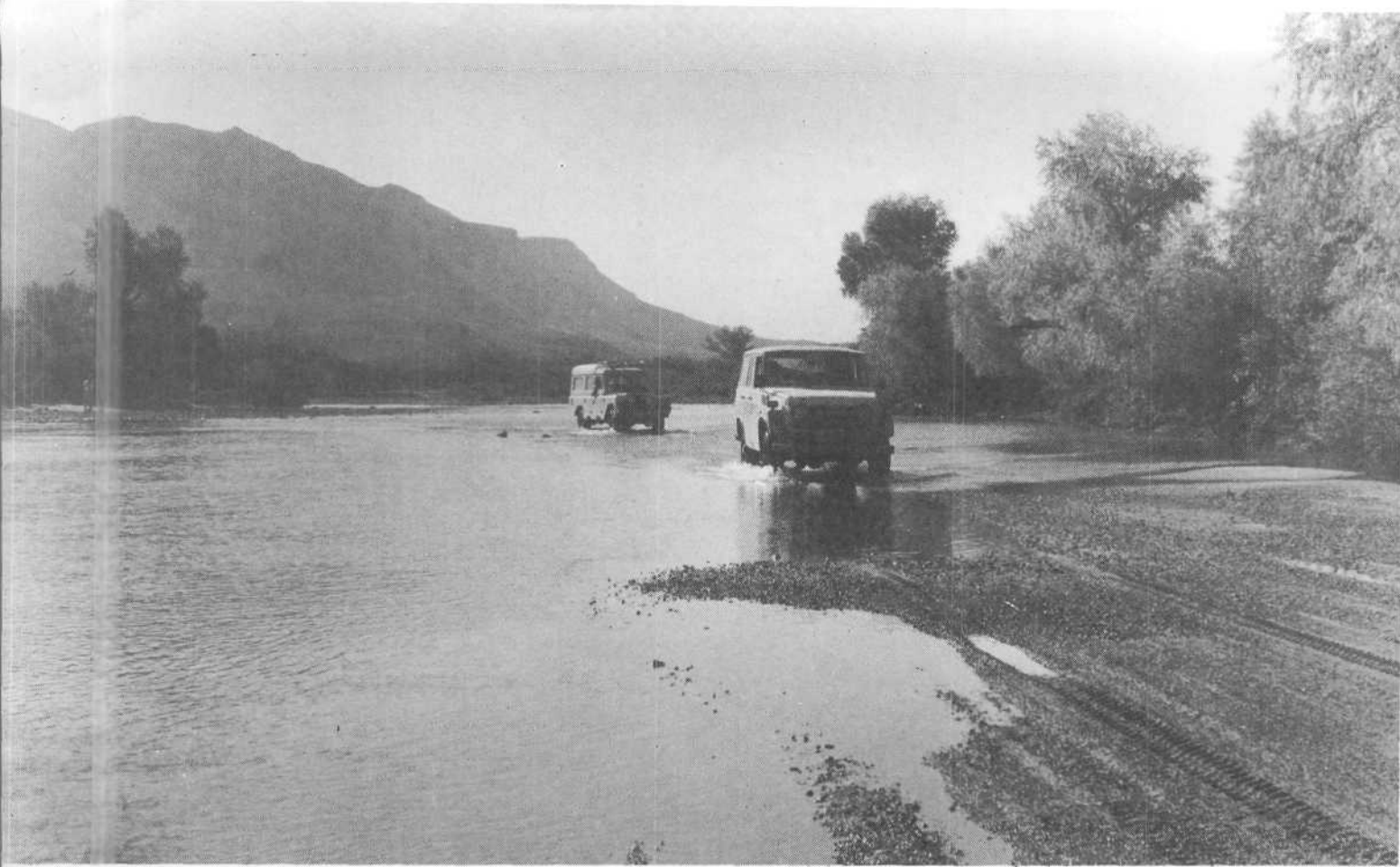
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Exploring th



by
**ROGER
MITCHELL**

*Above:
Fording the
Rio Bavispe.
Opposite
page: Rio
Bavispe
country.
Left: The old
church at San
Miguelito is
well
maintained.*

THE RIO BAVISPE has its headwaters high in the mountains which form the Continental Divide separating the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua. As tributaries cause it to grow, it flows northward, a thin thread of life in an otherwise arid land. About 35 miles short of the border, the river makes an abrupt hairpin turn and starts south again. For the last 40 years the water has lingered awhile behind Angostura Dam, a pre-war project built under the supervision of engineers from Hitler's Third Reich. Eventually the river continues its flow southward, often irrigating fields as old as the first padres. Finally the Rio Bavispe loses its name where it joins the Rio Yaqui as they continue south to empty into the large Novillo Reservoir.

From where the Rio Bavispe starts, at an elevation of 7000 feet in the mountains of Chihuahua, it is a journey of



e Rio Bavispe

nearly 500 miles to its final destination in the Gulf of California near Guaymas. To the Mexican *campesino*, the river means that he can irrigate his fields and raise livestock, to eke out a living from the harsh thorny land. The water also makes the difference between life and no life for a wide variety of wildlife all along its course. For the readers of *Desert*, the Rio Bavispe is more than a lesson in geography; it provides an interesting destination for back-road explorers and curious desert-philosophers. If the river could only talk, it would tell a fascinating tale of black-robed padres, of armoured Spanish soldiers, of American colonists, of revolution and Mexican bandits and patriots. All this just below the Arizona border, within a day or two drive from anywhere in the American Southwest.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the Rio Bavispe is the 50-mile-stretch between Colonia Morelos and Bacerac. There is a lot of history and varied

scenery in these few miles. And, this section is an easy day's drive south of the border. The roads are all gravel, sometimes rough, sometimes good. With care they can often be negotiated during the dry season by a standard passenger car. However, the extra clearance of a pickup, van or four-wheel-drive vehicle gives the driver an added element of confidence and security. The Rio Bavispe Country should be avoided in the summer months. Not only is the air likely to be very hot and humid, but violent summer thunderstorms often turn the placid stream into a raging torrent. As the road crosses the river in many places, always without benefit of a bridge, high water makes the fords impassable. Traffic on the road can be stopped for weeks.

The jumping-off place for the Rio Bavispe Country is Douglas, Arizona. Here you can secure Mexican insurance and those last-minute items like ice,

drinking water and unleaded gasoline. In crossing the border you will need the necessary documents to obtain a tourist card (proof of birth and citizenship) and an automobile permit. The town on the Sonora side of the border is Agua Prieta, a dusty agricultural town far removed from the usual tourist routes. Here you can obtain those distinctly Mexican products not available at home which add to the "foreign experience" of this back-country trip. I always stock up with Mexican beer and bakery goods.

A paved road goes south from Agua Prieta a half mile, then splits at a "T" intersection. The right fork is Mexican Highway #2 and it remains paved as it starts westward towards Cananea and Santa Ana. The left fork heads southeastward towards the Rio Bavispe Country. On this fork, the pavement soon ends and turns into graded dirt, often with a washboard surface. The road crosses the flat desert plain at first, but before too

long heads into a range of hills known as the Sierra Cenizia. Here and there a few scattered live oaks offer the traveler a bit of shade for a roadside lunch break or a midday siesta. "Puerto de las Cenizas," a gentle pass of about 5000 feet, is crossed and the road turns in a more southerly direction. As you look down the vast valley, the route is obvious—a thin brown line of a road stretches endlessly in the distance.

About 25 miles from Agua Prieta, there is a sudden change in the desert scenery as you approach a large sandy wash lined with huge oak and cottonwood trees. Hopefully there will be just a little trickle of water in the wash as there

persons of the Mormon faith. Many Mormons responded by moving to Northern Mexico where they were welcomed and assured by Porfiro Diaz, the Mexican president, that they could freely practice their religious beliefs, including polygamy. The first Mormon colonies were established in Chihuahua, but by the fall of 1892 negotiations were completed for the purchase of 200 square miles of land along the Rio Bavispe in neighboring Sonora. On February 15, 1893, a group of 100 Mormons from Chihuahua packed their belongings in 14 wagons and blazed the wagon road over Pulpito Pass into the Rio Bavispe Valley. Their journey of 80 miles took a month to complete.

were melted suddenly with a warm spell and the Rio Bavispe flooded its banks. Trees and other debris became jammed in the narrows below the town creating a dam which backed water up 40 feet into the town. Although no lives were lost, most of the buildings were destroyed.

Rather than rebuilding Colonia Oaxaca, 80 percent of the inhabitants moved 25 miles downstream to rebuild in the newest Mormon colony of Colonia Morelos. Colonia Morelos grew and prospered as Colonia Oaxaca did until May 1911 when the regime of Porfiro Diaz was overthrown by revolution. The political climate in Mexico changed for the worse and the Mormons were no longer looked upon as welcome guests. They were harassed and threatened by roaming bands of bandits, revolutionaries, and government troops. By 1912 the situation had deteriorated to the point where most of the Mormons had to abandon their farms and flee north across the border. The political situation did not stabilize until 1920 and by that time few Mormons were interested in returning to the Rio Bavispe.

As you look around Colonia Morelos today, you cannot help but notice one remaining feature of the Mormon legacy—the architecture. Many of the buildings are substantial structures made of red brick with high, steeply-pitched roofs. These are very much different from the low, drab, flat-topped adobe houses usually seen in this region. Even though the belfrey is now gone, the old church-school house is still an imposing structure.

The main road swings to the east here, circles a large hill, and then parallels the Rio Bavispe on its way southward. There are scattered ranches along the river as well as places where you can pull off and swim or camp. Colonia Oaxaca is 32 miles beyond Colonia Morelos. While most of the village was destroyed in the 1905 flood, one building survived. It is the red brick house with three high-pitched roofs and English-style chimneys. It is on the left where the road makes a sudden jog to the left, then right. At the jog to the right, a side road goes left past a corral. This is the road going over historic Pulpito Pass. If you have a four-wheel-drive vehicle, you can take this road across the mountains into Chihuahua. From here it is 75 miles to the nearest paved road at Janos.

The "new" church in Huachineria is only a century or two old.

usually is. This is the Rio Batepito, a stream that has its origins back in Arizona. The road fords the stream and more or less follows the water course downstream 13 miles to the small farming village of Colonia Morelos where the Rio Batepito flows into the Rio Bavispe.

Colonia Morelos doesn't look like much today, but it fills an interesting niche in the history of Sonora. It was founded by American expatriates in 1900 and for 11 short years English was the predominant language heard in the streets of Colonia Morelos.

In 1882, the United States Congress passed a law against plural marriages, which was legislation clearly aimed at

Their first permanent encampment on a terrace high above the river was abandoned after six months as it was too difficult to pump water to it. On Christmas Day, 1893, they established a new town-site, to be named Colonia Oaxaca. The president of Mexico had suggested that name, as Oaxaca was the state where Mexico's greatest heroes were born—Benito Juarez and of course, Porfiro Diaz! The colony grew and prospered under the Sonora sun. By 1905 some 650 expatriated Americans were living there. But then, in November of 1905, nature dealt Colonia Oaxaca a blow from which the community never recovered. Early snows in the Sierra Madre Occidental

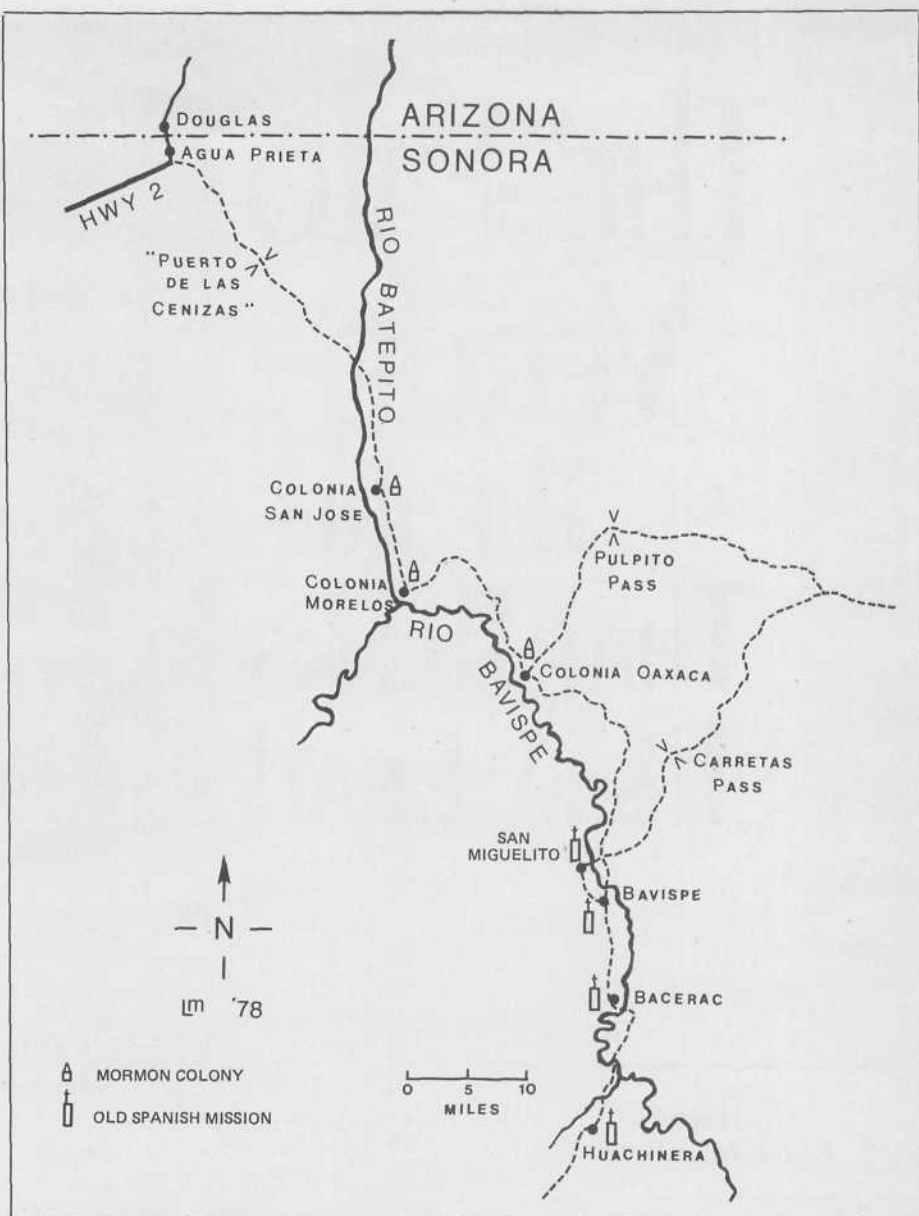


Just upstream from Colonia Oaxaca, tracks to the right go out to the river where there is plenty of room to camp. From here the road leaves the river for quite awhile as it winds its way through a series of hills. At a point 15 miles beyond Oaxaca, the road, now in the bottom of a narrow gorge, passes some faint petroglyphs pecked into the rocks on the right side of the road. Were these made by the Opatas Indians who lived in this area in recent centuries? Or were they left by much earlier man long before the Spanish conquest? They appear to be quite old.

At a point 25 miles from Colonia Oaxaca a major crossroads is reached. The left fork goes across Carretas Pass into Chihuahua. The road is rough, but not as difficult as Pulpito Pass. From this intersection it is 80 miles to Janos.

The road straight ahead soon fords the river and enters Bavispe. The fork to the right also fords the river and, likewise, goes to Bavispe via the village of San Miguelito. Remote as it is, San Miguelito has been around for some time. It was here when Rhode Island and Massachusetts were still English colonies and places like Chicago and Los Angeles were still in the wilderness. The church in San Miguelito, while being well maintained, has walls that could go back into the 1600s.

The town of Bavispe is 3.3 miles north of San Miguelito and it dates back to the earliest settlements in Sonora. Father Mancos, a Franciscan missionary, was through as early as 1610 and there was an Indian pueblo here then. The village was still there in 1645 when Father Garcia came through. Missionaries returned again in 1646 and 1649 and stayed in 1653, when Father Flores took up his residence in the valley. Things were quiet and peaceful along the Rio Bavispe for a century or so, but the Apaches became more and more of a serious problem in the last half of the 18th century. In 1781 Bavispe was fortified and selected as the site of a military presidio. Most of the troops garrisoned here were local Opatas Indians. The Opatas had accepted Christianity and were loyal to the crown. In 1820, however, the Opatas revolted due to unjust treatment by the paymaster, and about 500 of them went on a rampage. They raised considerable havoc in northeast Sonora until several thousand



troops were brought in from Chihuahua to put down the revolt.

Disaster struck Bavispe in May 8, 1887, when an usually strong earthquake leveled much of the town, including the massive church. Bavispe was rebuilt, however. Although some of the adobe walls may be quite old, most of the buildings of the town date back less than a century. There is a diesel generator for the town that operates daily on a part-time schedule and very limited supplies are available. There is an old hand-pumped, gravity-fed gas pump across the street from the central plaza that dispenses 80-octane gasoline. Unfortunately, the town does not have a bakery. But bakery or not, Bavispe has its own slow-paced charm which the visitor should sample before moving on.

It is 10 miles from the plaza in Bavispe to the plaza in Bacerac, the next village

up the river. A sign at the crossroads just outside of town proudly announces the population as 3120 inhabitants. I suspect civic pride might have inflated that figure a little. Like its downstream neighbor, Bacerac started as an Indian pueblo long before Father Mancos came through here in 1610. In 1678 Father Silva chose Bacerac as his Jesuit headquarters in the valley. He was succeeded by Father Estrella in 1684 and by Father Polici in 1687. During these later years of the 17th century the town was fortified with trenches and a high wall. These precautions paid off in 1694 when the village withstood an attack by marauding Apaches. After the Jesuits were expelled from Mexico, the Jalisco order took over the mission in 1768 and there has usually been a priest in Bacerac ever since.

Continued on Page 39

THE PALO VERDE— THE TREE THAT THINKS IT'S A LEAF!



Text by
ANNIS M. CUPPETT

IN LOW-LYING areas of the American Southwest, shrub-like trees with spreading branches soften the starkly beautiful but uncompromising desert landscape. Painted in vibrant green hues, with overtones of blue or yellow like a Gauguin canvas, these often-ignored trees exist in distinct, yet harmonious, contrast to the relative drabness of the surrounding chapparal.

The tree, of course, is the palo verde and the remarkable circumstance of its being may be seen in the trunk and branches—which have the same life-sustaining characteristics of a leaf! To fully appreciate the drama of this statement, it may be necessary to consider the miraculous process of photosynthesis. A quick review of this system of plant life brings us to the realization that the green tint of these generally leafless desert dwellers is chlorophyll—the same substance that dyes leaves green on any

living tree. In the plant world, water loss usually occurs through evaporation from the leaf surfaces—but the palo verde, located as it is in the dry, sandy soil, cannot afford a single additional evaporatory area. It is for this unique purpose of water conservation that the necessary chlorophyll is stored in the tree's trunk and stems, and utilized as needed in the manufacturing of food for the plant.

The words, palo verde, mean "green stick" in Spanish and provide an especially suitable name for three siblings of the legume (pea) family. Palo verde leaves are tiny and will drop following a frost or during dry spells, leaving the stems bare for the greater part of the year. Cultivated palo verde, on the other hand, watered often and thoroughly, usually hold their leaves for many months.

It would be enlightening if we could find representatives of each group living together in close harmony but this is difficult, if not impossible, even under cultivation. Perhaps the following detailed descriptions will help make the differences—and similarities—more obvious.

Cercidium floridum, or blue palo verde, has the greatest range in California and Arizona and is the one most often associated with the name, palo verde. Its range begins around Arizona's Gila River and continues into the Sonoran Desert of California and on into Mexico and Baja California. The use of *floridum* in the Latin name refers to the plant's abundant spring bloom which is made up of clusters of bright yellow flowers with orange-tipped stamens. Most often found in the valleys and dry washes of the lower desert, this tree may be distinguished from other varieties by its green to bluish-green hue and in the spring, by the two or three pair of tiny leaflets which edge a short rachis or leaf-holding stem. Seed pods follow the flowers and the seeds of this tree are rather loosely contained within the pods. The blue palo verde—the state tree of Arizona—seldom grows taller than 20 feet.

The yellow palo verde, or *Cercidium microphyllum*, is similar in its natural habitat to the blue variety but will be found in the foothills rather than on the



valley floor. It grows in Arizona's Sonoran Desert, south into Mexico and west into the area around Needles, California. *Microphyllum* is the name chosen to honor the small leaves arranged in pairs along a rachis which averages about eight inches in length—noticeably longer than that found in the blue. The plant has a distinctly yellow cast to the bark and in the spring will explode into a blooming mass of yellow flowers, each measuring about one inch in width. The individual blossoms are highlighted by a pale yellow or cream "flag." In addition, the tree's pods will be short and tightly constricted between the three or four beans usually found inside.

Reaching 15 feet or more in height, the wood of the yellow palo verde is much softer than that of the blue. Because this makes it easier to cure, wood from this particular tree is often used for firewood.

Several names have been given to *Parkinsonia aculeata*, or Mexican palo verde, and two of these are Jerusalem thorn and horse bean. *Aculeata* is a word used for a sharp-pointed object and ac-

curately describes the spines which are paired at the very base of the exceedingly long rachis. These rachis are interesting in that they may grow as long as 18-20 inches and the leaves which appear on them will be similar to small scales. The flower is much like that of the yellow palo verde except during its fade when the flag turns a spectacular shade of orange-red. The bark of the Mexican palo verde is a more obvious yellowish-green shade than the others and is also the tallest of the three—often growing to well over 30 feet.

All palo verde are attractive to animals of the respective areas. Deer and domestic cattle are often seen browsing among the tender young shoots of early spring while birds are drawn to the seeds and pods. White-winged doves and quail are especially fond of the seeds while hummingbirds, in searching for nectar in the golden blossoms, will add bright spots of elusive color to the scene.

Palo verde continue to benefit the life chain even in death. When they are dead and beginning to decompose—yet still standing—the tree hulks are called

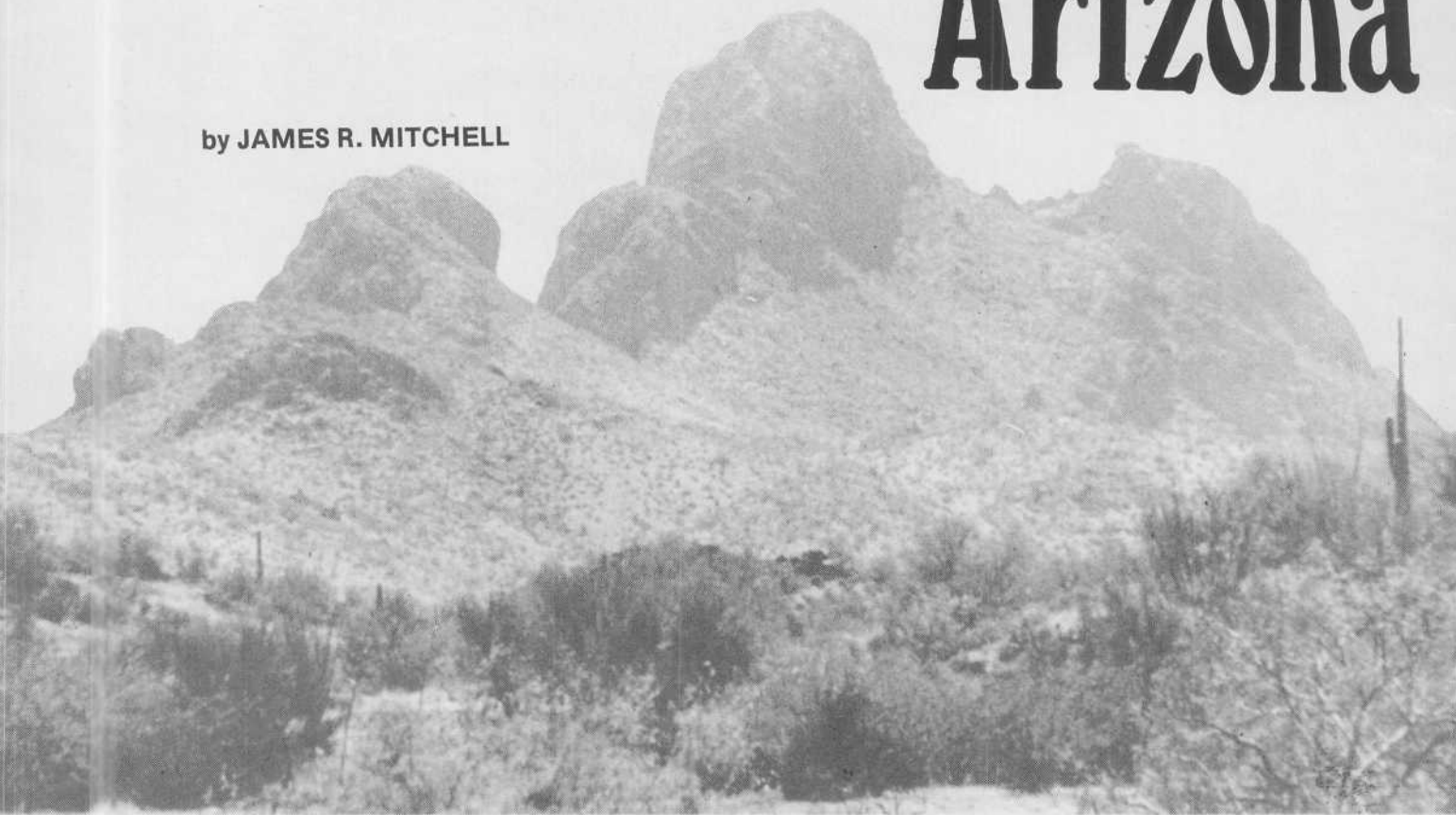
**Photos by
Dennis Millard**

"snags" and present the amateur naturalist with a perfect stage for viewing various representatives of desert wildlife. These snags are often alive with animals, reptiles and birds which find the decaying vegetation much to their liking. Insects, of course, consider the rotting material irresistible and, in turn, these insects are just as interesting to lizards and birds. Snakes hide from the heat of the midday sun beneath the disintegrating material and Gambel's quail and other birds will often be found nesting amid the tangled safety of the dry, lifeless branches.

The next time you happen upon a palo verde, take a moment to admire the tree for its beauty while appreciating the unique adaptation it has made to its environment. In accommodating itself to its domain, the palo verde provides living proof that absorbing beauty can be found everywhere—even in a harsh and arid land. □

Vulture City, Arizona

by JAMES R. MITCHELL



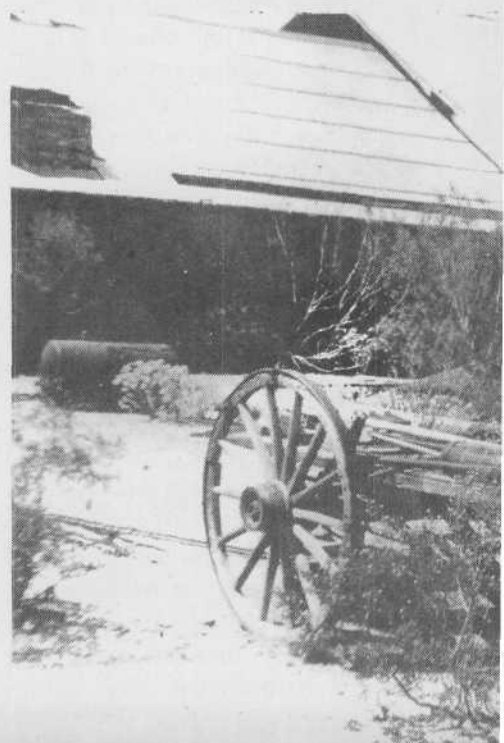
THE TOWN of Vulture City, located approximately 14 miles south of Wickenburg, Arizona, is very well preserved if you take into account the years it has been sitting idle in this desert area. It has remained in such good condition mainly because it has been privately owned since gold was discovered there over 100 years ago. Currently, the present owners have opened the site to visitors and charge a small admission fee to tour the old buildings. This, at first, may sound like a "tourist trap," but it isn't. The visitor is allowed to walk around the town at his leisure and nothing has been rebuilt or changed since it was last lived in.

A few years ago, nobody could visit the site without express permission from the owner and a personal escort with the caretaker. Barbed wire and numerous

"no trespassing" signs surrounded the old mine and town. I was delighted when I heard that the city was opened to the public.

The Vulture ore deposit was discovered by Henry Wickenburg in 1863 and soon it became one of the richest gold mines in the country. Wickenburg was born in Austria in 1820 and, after his father died, left his homeland for the United States. Upon arriving in this country, he joined Pauline Weaver in Peebles Valley and accompanied his band of explorers and prospectors for nearly a year. After becoming impatient with this large group, Wickenburg decided to set out on his own. He heard of good prospecting possibilities to the southwest, and headed out alone to more fully explore them.

One afternoon, while throwing stones,



he broke a piece of rock off a nearby ledge. To his amazement, the freshly exposed surface glistened brightly in the sunlight. It was quartz filled with raw gold. Needless to say, Wickenburg was delighted, and he immediately gathered what gold ore he could and headed back to the Weaver party. He filed a claim with Weaver, and convinced some of the group to return with him to help extract the gold.

They worked for many months, but the lack of water, equipment and the extreme desert temperatures caused most of his companions to abandon the project. Wickenburg then hired help to dig the ore from the mountain and haul it to the river, a few miles away, so he could crush and pan it. What he didn't know was that his hired help was keeping the high grade ore and only sending him the lesser quality material.

Wickenburg soon realized that he was never going to be able to work the mine to its full potential by himself. Reluctantly, he decided to sell most of his claim to a man named Benjamin Phelps. Phelps agreed to pay Wickenburg \$85,000 for a four-fifths interest in the mine. An initial payment of \$20,000 was made, and work started on a grand scale.

In the following years, Wickenburg spent nearly all of the original \$20,000 in legal fees trying to get the remaining \$65,000 from Phelps. He never received that money and, in addition, he never received a penny of the profits from his remaining one-fifth ownership. As time

passed, Wickenburg saw Phelps take well over one and one-half million dollars in gold from the mine that was once his.

Wickenburg became disillusioned with mining and set up a small farm only to have a flood wash it away. He also had part of his face blown off by a trespasser when he confronted him. His face eventually healed, but was terribly scarred for the rest of his life.

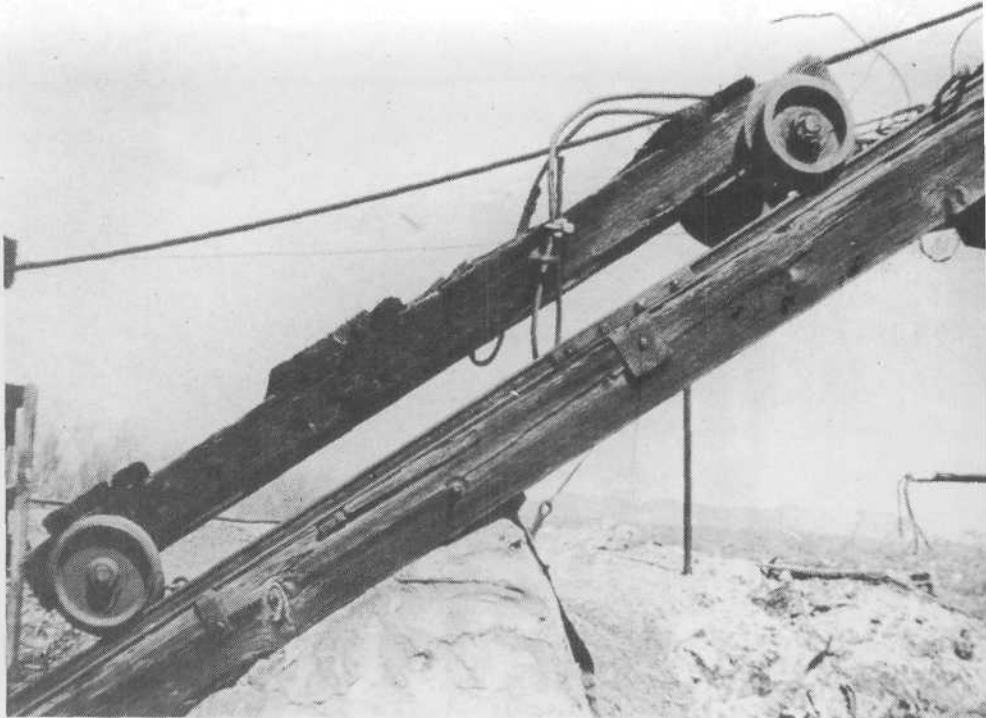
As the years went by, Wickenburg became more and more despondent and finally, at the age of 85, walked out of his little cabin, put a gun to his head, and pulled the trigger. His body was found by a passerby shortly thereafter.

In the meantime, Phelps was running into trouble at the Vulture Mine. They

hit a fault and lost the vein. After many months of searching, they finally were able to relocate the displaced vein only to lose it again in another earth fault. With no luck at other relocation attempts, and a shortage of funds, Phelps sold the mine. The new owner, a Canadian named McClyde, didn't know the vein had been lost, and was understandably upset upon making this discovery. It took months of work and a lot of luck before McClyde was able to find the elusive gold and resume full mining operations. In his lust for more gold, however, he decided to remove some of the high grade pillars that had been purposely left intact to support the roof of the shaft. After removing a number of these pillars, the mine collapsed and the vein has been lost ever since.

There have been numerous attempts to relocate the lode and to resume mining the old Vulture, but none have been successful. It is estimated that there is still many millions of dollars worth of gold to be mined when the vein is finally relocated. Metal detection instruments, exploratory shafts and numerous geological theories have been unsuccessful so far. With the price of gold as high as it currently is, there is talk of a new, large scale attempt to find the vein.

In the meantime, however, the current owners still allow visitors on this historic property in order to help defray some of their costs. Who knows, maybe in a few years the old Vulture Mine will be reactivated and Vulture City will once again be the thriving little town that it once was, so many years ago. □



*Opposite page:
Vulture Peak.
Left: Old wagon and
buildings at mine
site. Above: Ore car
on rails at mine
shaft opening.*

The Mono Pass-Bloody Canyon Trail

ANYONE WHO has traveled the Tioga Pass Road (California State Highway 120) through Yosemite National Park cannot but be awed by this spectacular and highest of all highway crossings of the Sierra Nevada. Yet few of today's visitors are aware that a portion of the route was traversed by moccasin-clad feet long before the first white men ventured into the region.

For years, tribes of the western slope's foothills had engaged in trade with the Mono Paiutes east of the Sierra, carrying their barter across the mountains. Their primitive path ascended into the high country, following the divide between the deep gorges of the Merced (Yosemite Valley) and the Tuolumne watersheds. However, near the summit the trail veered to the south to cross the crest at Mono Pass, thus avoiding the precipitous walls of Lee Vining Canyon to which the present highway clings. From the lofty 10,604-foot height of Mono Pass, which is the northernmost of

two Sierra passes bearing the same name, the trail descended through Bloody Canyon to the Mono Basin.

That stretch of the old trail from the highway to Mono Pass is still the domain of the hiker. The distance from a roadside parking area to the crest is approximately four miles. The ascent is gradual, making an enjoyable, not too strenuous one-day hike, round trip. Within the pass, directly at the head of Bloody Canyon, stands a picturesque cluster of cabins and a water-filled shaft. This was the Golden Crown mine. Built of white-bark pine, the sturdy cabins have weathered nearly a century of high Sierra winters. These and other historic relics serve as silent reminders of the procession of prospectors who crossed the Sierra via the Mono Trail.

However, these now mostly forgotten men, chasing their rainbow, were not the first white men to follow on the heels of the Indian. In the vanguard of the white invasion was an 1852 military expedition

trailing a tribe of hostile Indians.

At the time of the gold rush, Yosemite Valley was inhabited by a small band of Indians. The Yosemitees understandably resented the hordes of white men swarming over the foothills below their hidden mountain sanctuary. They realized it would be only a matter of time before these aliens discovered their deep valley and they would be driven from their sacred home just as the foothill tribes were already being displaced. The Yosemitees, under the leadership of their chief, Tenaya, decided not to wait for the inevitable invasion. Instead, they struck the first blow. Early in 1850, a war party of Yosemitees attacked a trading post on the South Fork of the Merced River.

Relations between the Indians and whites continued to deteriorate. In December, 1850, Indians led by a chief of the Chowchillas attacked another store. The brief but bloody Mariposa Indian War was on. Within months all the foothill tribes had been subdued. Only the

by
**BETTY
SHANNON**

*Fallen remains
of a once
stalwart cabin
at the Golden
Crown Mine.*



Yosemites refused to make peace. In May, 1851, a company of soldiers under the command of Captain John Boling was given orders to enter Yosemite Valley and bring in the recalcitrant tribe. Chief Tenaya and a few of his followers were captured, but many managed to escape, fleeing toward the east over their ancient trade route. Scouts discovered the Indian trail and the company resumed pursuit of their quarry. The Yosemites were overtaken while camped on the shore of a beautiful mountain lake. The soldiers decided to name the lake Tenaya, to perpetuate the name of the tribe's bold and brave chieftain. However, when told of the honor, the Yosemite chieft reportedly replied sullenly, "Lake already has a name, 'Py-we-ack'—Lake of the Shining Rocks."

The tribe was taken to a reservation on the Fresno River. But the Yosemites longed for their old way of life and mountain home. So late in the year, after extracting a solemn promise of good be-

havior from Tenaya, the authorities allowed the Indians to return to Yosemite Valley.

The peace was short-lived. On May 2, 1852, a party of eight prospectors blundered into the mountain stronghold. Tenaya led his braves in a surprise attack on the hopelessly outnumbered group. Two were killed; miraculously, the others escaped. Warily and painfully, the survivors made their way back to civilization.

The military decided to again go after the troublesome Yosemites. A detachment led by Lt. Tredwell Moore entered the valley in June. Five Indians, each with possessions of the murdered prospectors, were captured. All five were shot on the spot.

Word of the military's swift retribution quickly reached Tenaya. The chief hastily gathered his people, leading them in retreat across the Sierra down Bloody Canyon to Mono Lake where they found refuge with their Paiute allies.

Lieutenant Moore's detachment followed the Indians but they had vanished by the time the soldiers reached the Mono Basin, and the men could elicit no information from the Paiutes regarding the whereabouts of the Yosemites. Before returning to their post at Fort Miller, members of the expedition discovered some promising mineral deposits in the vicinity of Bloody Canyon.

Upon seeing the soldiers' ore samples, a prospector named Lee Vining organized a party of miners who set off across the Sierra to prospect the region. The ultimate result of the group's explorations was a new gold rush east of the Sierra to such locations as Dogtown, Monoville, and eventually the big one, Bodie. Lee Vining left his name on a canyon, a creek, and the little town on U.S. 395 overlooking Mono Lake.

This east side excitement led to the first improvements in the Mono Pass—Bloody Canyon trail. It is believed that a Tom McGee of Big Oak Flat near Sonora



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blazed the Mono Trail in 1857, generally following the old Indian route through Tamarack Flat, past Lake Tenaya, through Tuolumne Meadows, and over Mono Pass.

By this time the problems with the Yosemite were over. Ironically it was not the U.S. Army, but the Mono Paiutes who finally brought the tribe to its knees. Survivors have given historians varying versions as to what actually happened. Some said that Tenaya had led his people back to their beloved Yosemite Valley late in the summer of 1853. But shortly after returning home, a band of ungrateful young braves stealthily crossed back over the mountains and stole the

Monos' horses. However, many years later, another survivor insisted that the dispute had erupted on the shore of Mono Lake during a game of skill between the two tribes. Whatever the cause or place, all agreed that Tenaya and a number of Yosemite were stoned to death by the angry Mono Paiutes.

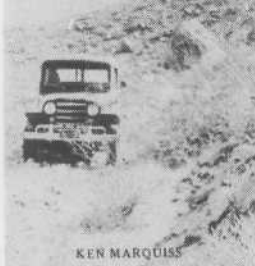
For the first few years following the blazing of the Mono Trail, a significant number of gold seekers used the route to reach the Mono country strikes. But after the initial deposits were exhausted, traffic dwindled to a trickle. Then in 1874, a chance discovery attracted a new surge of prospectors and mining men to the very summit region that many had passed through enroute to the east side diggings.

Just north of Tioga Pass, a young man, William Brusky, Jr., was tending his father's flock of sheep when he found a rusty shovel and pick lying near an abandoned prospect hole. Most of a faded claim notice was illegible with the exception of the date, 1860. At first the ore didn't look promising enough to develop, but the following summer Brusky sunk another hole on Tioga Hill and obtained some richer ore. Still, it was 1878 before the potential value of the discovery was realized and the Tioga Mining District was formed. The district extended some eight miles along the summit and to the base of the Sierra on the eastern side. Eventually, 350 locations were made in the district, including, in 1879, a ledge of antimonial silver within Mono Pass. This property was developed as the Golden Crown and Ella Bloss mines. Mining camp newspapers were ever optimistic about each new discovery. *The Mammoth City Herald* was no exception. Its September 3, 1879 issue extravagantly predicted that thousands of men would be working at the head of Bloody Canyon within a year.

Both the Tioga Hill and Mono Pass claims were purchased by the Great Sierra Consolidated Silver Company which provided the capital for the major amount of work done in the district. The company's headquarters were at Benettville, the little village located near the original Brusky "Shepherd" discovery.

At first supplies were brought in via the other route then in existence, from the east side up Bloody Canyon. The trains of pack mules rubbed their sides

THE GOLD HEX



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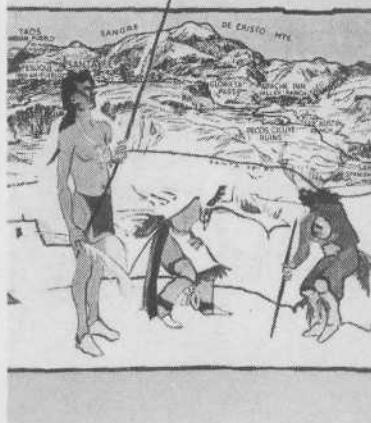
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THE SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN DETOURS

by D. H. Thomas



raw on the sharp rocks protruding beside the narrow ledge of the trail. Thus was born the name, Bloody Canyon.

With the need for heavy equipment to develop the Great Sierra's properties a new trail was built over rugged terrain from the bustling camp of Lundy. During the winter of 1882, over eight tons of drills, pipe, a boiler, even kitchen utensils were laboriously coaxed up nearly perpendicular mountainsides to Bennettville.

A better route had to be developed if the company planned to continue its mining activities. The decision was made to construct a wagon road up the more gentle ascent from the west side. Work began in April, 1883, and the road was completed in November—56 miles from Big Oak Flat to Bennettville, via Lake Tenaya and Tuolumne Meadows, in general, the route followed by generations of Indian traders.

However, not one load of ore was ever hauled out over the Great Sierra Wagon Road. By 1884, the mining company found itself one quarter million dollars in debt. When new capital could not be obtained, the board of directors had little choice but to cease operations.

The wagon road, which became known as the Tioga Road, was operated for awhile as a toll road, but eventually, because of neglect and lack of maintenance, declined to pack trail status. The Tioga Pass route did not become a through trans-Sierra thoroughfare until 1911 when the State of California completed the last spectacular stretch which scrambles up the glacier-scoured wall of Lee Vining Canyon.

For a number of summers, park naturalists have conducted hikes, usually once weekly, to Mono Pass. For current details check at park headquarters in Yosemite Valley or write to the Superintendent, Yosemite National Park, California 95389.

The parking area is approximately two miles west of the Tioga Pass entrance station. The trail is well marked and can be followed easily without a guide. Nature photographers will want to linger along the way to photograph the many delicate alpine wildflowers, and fishermen might even want to take along their poles and try their luck in Upper or Lower Sardine Lakes, which are less than a mile below Mono Pass in Bloody Canyon. ☐



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November 1978



Eldon Russell poses on the plank flooring of the adobe home where he was born and reared. He and his cousin, Wanda Russell Truman have many fond memories of their life here at Grafton.

PICTURESQUE

Alonzo Russell built this sturdy log cabin for wife number two. It is still in good condition considering its age. Even some of the original wallpaper is still in place.



UTAH CONTAINS a sizable number of ghost towns, many of which were former railroad or agricultural settlements. Grafton—on the Virgin River in Southern Utah—is described as the “most picturesque” of them all. This old ghost town was an agricultural settlement and her story is of considerable interest. What is unusual about Grafton is, that though she was settled 116 years ago and abandoned 83 years later, the love and devotion for the little town remains alive and strong today.

The ghost town of Grafton was on our list of places to visit when we renewed our acquaintance with Zion National Park last November. We spent the first few days enjoying the great formations and glorious fall colors. The campgrounds were much improved compared to our last visit of many years ago. The displays and nightly programs at the Visitor Center were excellent.

Early one clear, crisp morning (the temperature had dropped to 27 degrees

Wanda Russell Truman stands in front of the house her grandfather, Alonzo Russell, built for his first wife—some 115 years ago. Wanda's parents and their children, occupied the house for many years.



GRAFTON

by MARY FRANCES STRONG
photos by Jerry Strong

during the night), we left the Park and followed the Virgin River to Rockville. In the early light, it was a particularly beautiful drive. Cottonwood trees, in all their golden glory, elbowed each other for space along the river banks. The brilliant formations on each side of the canyon seemed "newly painted" in the rays of the morning sun.

At the east end of Rockville, we turned south on a narrow, paved lane and crossed the river via a simple truss bridge. A 90-degree turn was made and we headed westerly along the base of the mountains. Separating us from the river were "the fields"—as the Mormons call their farmlands. In this case, they were pasture and alfalfa plantings punctuated with an occasional group of fruit trees. Alongside the road, ran the famed "Mormon ditches" used for irrigation.

In less than a mile, we drove over a short pass through the hills. A lively stream was forded at a junction with a road coming in from the right. We

Jake Truman, of St. George, Utah, energetically gathers tumbleweeds in Grafton Cemetery—a serene resting place surrounded by natural beauty.





Constructed in such a way as to be rodent-proof, this corn crib provided storage for an important part of the Grafton pioneer's food supply.

guessed it led to Grafton—which proved to be correct. Our route now dropped down to other fields, then went through a cut in formations resembling “skeps” (beehives). Immediately on our left a road led south to a little cemetery embraced in the arms of Wire Mesa.

We like to photograph old cemeteries but hesitated when we saw several people were there. We certainly didn't wish to intrude on anyone's sorrow. When it appeared they were cleaning up the grounds, we decided to ask directions to Grafton.

We exchanged introductions, then learned Wanda and Jake Truman and Eldon Russell came out twice yearly to burn weeds, etc., in the cemetery. It is a labor of love, since many of their relatives are buried there. When we mentioned Grafton, Wanda's eyes lit up and

she responded, “If you don't mind waiting a few minutes, you can follow us over to Grafton. The fellows are about through and we planned to have a picnic lunch there.”

I quickly learned that Wanda and Eldon were well-acquainted with Grafton, since they both had been born and reared there. In fact, their mutual grandfather, Alonzo H. Russell, had been one of the original settlers. I could hardly believe our good fortune. A guided tour by descendants of the founders and the third generation to live at Grafton—that is what a writer, generally, just dreams about.

Grafton is, indeed, picturesque in a fairy-tale setting along a bend in the river. Immediately northeast, Steamboat Mountain—now known as the “West Portal of Zion”—rises skyward like a

great guardian angel. On the south, Wire Mesa shelters the river valley. The Virgin River meanders widely along this stretch and the old ghost town stands on high ground a short distance south of it.

A number of original buildings remain including the adobe church which has also served as the school and community building. The fine, two-story residence built by Alonzo Russell is beginning to show its age and the ravages of time. Across the street, the sturdy log cabin Mr. Russell built for wife number two is beautifully weathered and has endured the elements well. On the corner is an old-looking building which is really quite new. It was built by a movie company and used during the filming of “Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.”

Eldon Russell's family home had been built of adobe bricks—as were many of the original buildings. It is slowly returning to the earth and only two partial walls and a few planks from the wooden floor remain. Along the main road, an ancient log cabin is slowly sagging on its foundation. Old fences have weathered to a beautiful silver-grey and rugged log corn cribs have defied the elements, as well as time.

Orchards still grow in Grafton's fields and several homes, west of the townsite, are occupied. No doubt their close proximity has helped to protect the ruins from vandals. Even so, the church bell has been removed three times, but in each case, recovered. It now rests elsewhere for its own protection. The cemetery has not fared as well. Several of the more ornate monuments have been stolen. They have been replaced with simple markers in the hope of discouraging further thefts.

It was during a Latter Day Saints Conference at Salt Lake City in 1861, that the “birth of Grafton” was planned. Brigham Young had issued a call for the settlement of land along the Virgin River, between the small communities of Virgin and Adventure. Its purpose would be to raise cotton. Due to the Civil War, cotton had become scarce and it was hoped this new endeavor would provide a much needed commodity.

Seven families accepted the challenge—the Alonzo H. Russells, William Hastings, John H. Ballards, Charles Jones, John Woods, the Spendloves and Hallidays. They were later joined by other families and arrived in Southern

Utah in late November of 1861. The banks of the Virgin River were lined with golden-leaved, cottonwood trees and the wide-bottomed, rather narrow canyon was flanked on both sides with brilliantly-colored mesas, buttes and mountains. The grandeur of the scene must have been very impressive. A beautiful site on the north side of the river was chosen by the pioneers.

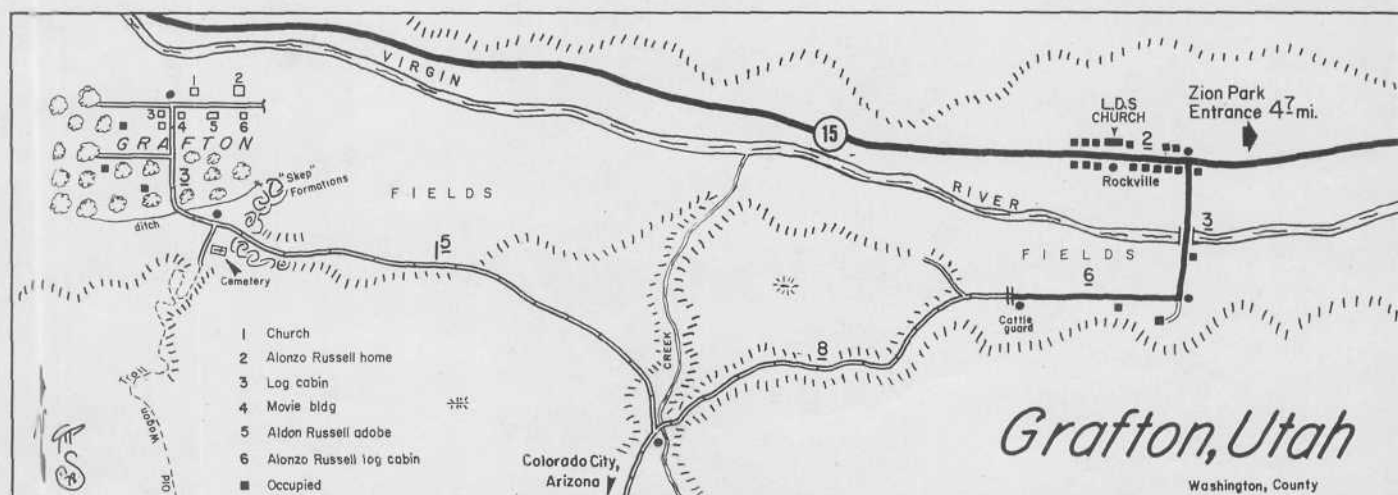
Several projects were soon underway. A townsite, community fields and the routes of irrigation ditches were laid out. While some of the men and boys began clearing the land, others made adobe bricks and cut logs for construction. Meanwhile, tents and covered wagon-beds served as "home" for these stalwart pioneers. Christmas Day, 1861, brought rain, but it didn't dampen the joyous celebration. However, the rain

pared. Cotton, grain and fruit orchards were planted. Each family had about an acre of land for its personal use. The fields and orchards were community owned. Log, adobe and frame houses were built, as were a post office and charming church which served as school and community building. The cotton plantings did well. In 1863, five communities produced 57,000 pounds of cotton. The women were kept busy spinning and weaving cloth.

The church census of 1864 revealed 28 families and 168 people were living at Grafton. Crops included 166 acres of wheat, 70 acres of corn, 28 acres of cotton, and 10 and one-half acres of vegetables and tobacco. Their orchards were beginning to produce peaches, pears, apples, cherries, berries and grapes. Everyone worked hard both at home and

home of Paiute and Navajo Indians who claimed all the wild game, vegetation and colorful lands. They were friendly to the first white men and gave them permission to share their homelands. When more and more settlers continued to arrive, establishing numerous settlements, the Indians became unhappy. The settlers' cattle and sheep ate the wild vegetation; deer and other game fell to the white man's guns and much of their land was being taken over for agriculture and stock range.

These same conditions brought about the Black Hawk War of 1865 in Central Utah's Sevier Valley. Hostilities in Southern Utah began later the same year. Indians raided isolated ranches, ambushed travelers, as well as cattlemen checking their stock. In February 1866, Erastus Snow was elected Briga-



didn't stop. It continued for 40 days and nights!

The Virgin River became a torrent of raging water carrying considerable debris. It washed out shallow dams, widened its channel and filled irrigation ditches with silt and gravel. During the evening of January 8, 1862, the river suddenly rose and began flooding Grafton. For Mrs. Nathan Tenney, it was a nightmare, as she was in labor and about to give birth to a baby. Quickly, several men lifted the wagon box and carried it to high ground. Mrs. Tenney safely delivered a son who was promptly named "Marvelous Flood" Tenney.

A great deal of prime agricultural land had been washed away by the flood waters and it was decided to relocate Grafton on the south side of the river—a mile east of the first site. Again, a townsite was laid out and new ditches pre-

pared. Cotton, grain and fruit orchards were planted. Each family had about an acre of land for its personal use. The fields and orchards were community owned. Log, adobe and frame houses were built, as were a post office and charming church which served as school and community building. The cotton plantings did well. In 1863, five communities produced 57,000 pounds of cotton. The women were kept busy spinning and weaving cloth.

Dry farming was attempted in the valleys south of Grafton. While we were at the cemetery, Wanda pointed out the old wagon road. It snaked up the steep sides of Wire Mesa then led to the fields near Smithsonian Butte. It was an incredible road—one that would more than test the abilities of a modern four-wheel-drive vehicle. "It is very dangerous," Wanda explained, "especially when coming down with a heavily loaded wagon." The over-a-century-old road has not been maintained and a vehicle may not be able to negotiate it today. A hike to the top of the mesa would doubtless provide a magnificent view.

Southern Utah had long been the

dier General of Southern Utah's Militia.

Indian hostilities had become acute and several deaths occurred. General Snow increased his forces and established several small forts. All travel, except in large groups, was halted. Orders were given to abandon all settlements with less than 150 population, and finally martial law was declared. By increasing the population in the larger settlements, Snow felt they would be able to defend themselves from Indian attack.

Grafton's people moved to Rockville and for several years their homes were abandoned. The fields had been planted and harvesting of the crops was vital for their sustenance. Men returned to work the fields in armed groups.

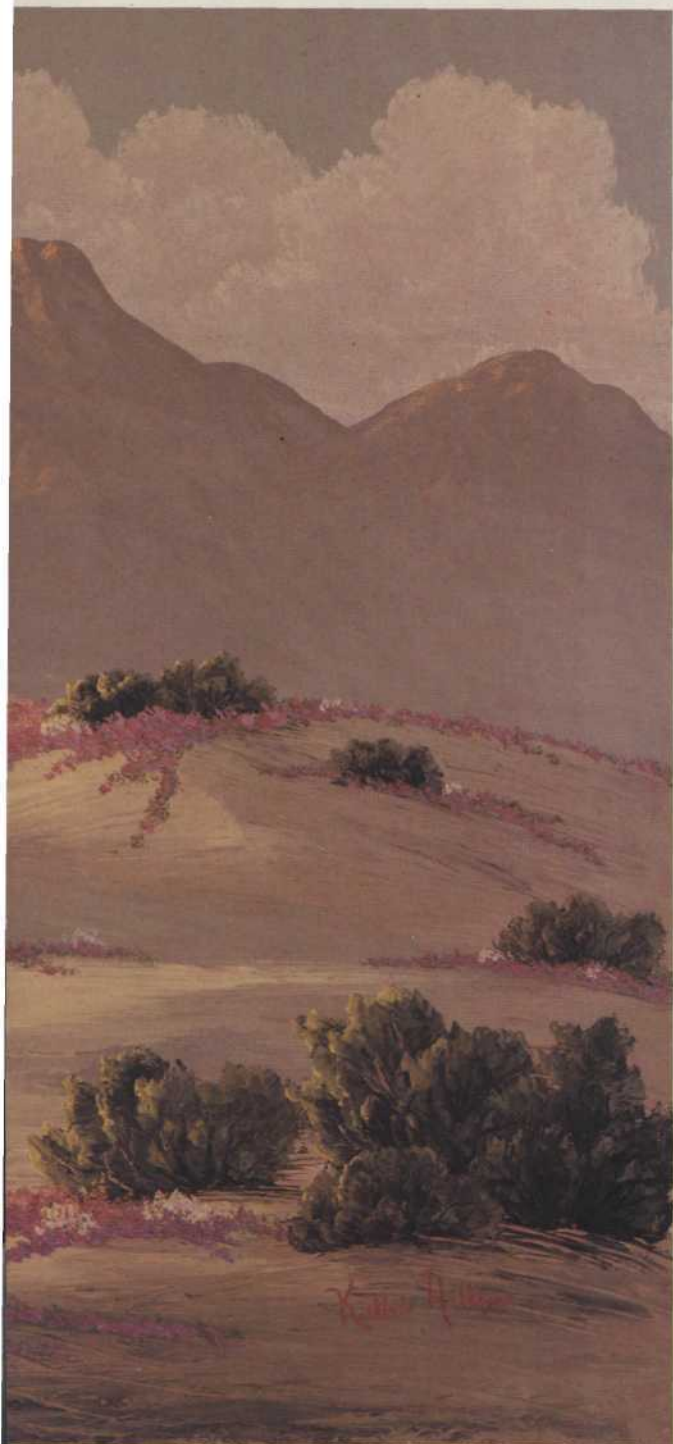
General Snow's forces had routed the Indians on every front and by 1869, the settlers moved back to Grafton. Indian

Continued on Page 46

Fossil Wax and O Produce Grea



Oil at Realism



"La Quinta Spring,"
24"x36"



Kathi Hilton

Kathi Hilton

KATHI HILTON, a second generation artist, was born in Indio, California, raised in Sonora, Mexico and the California desert and attended UCLA in Los Angeles.

Being the daughter of famed artist, John W. Hilton, with whom our readers are most familiar, she has a keen eye for the soft shades that make her desert landscapes so intriguing.

Kathi creates a luminosity of her own as she works with the palette knife only, using a fossil wax medium mixed with the finest oils.



"Enchanted Oasis," 28"x36"

Private collection of Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Bundschuh

Her paintings have a textural perspective which creates great depth and realism.

Working primarily in the desert Southwest, and the high country meadows of Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, she captures both their muted and flamboyant moods.

Kathi's work can be seen in more than 11 galleries in the West. The



"Summer Breeze" 18"x24"

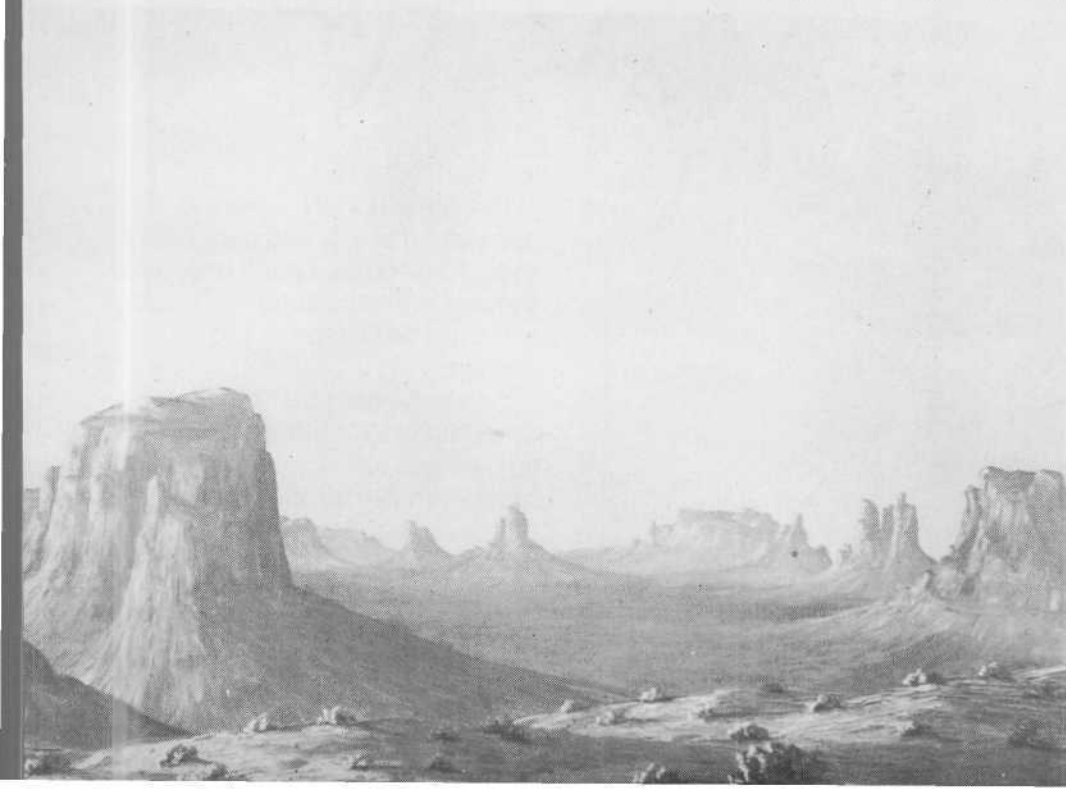
recipient of many awards, she is a regular exhibitor at the Death Valley '49ers Encampment Art Show at the Visitors Center each November.

Now residing in Twentynine Palms, California, at the family homestead, she has just completed a gallery to display her paintings.

Her work may also be seen at a

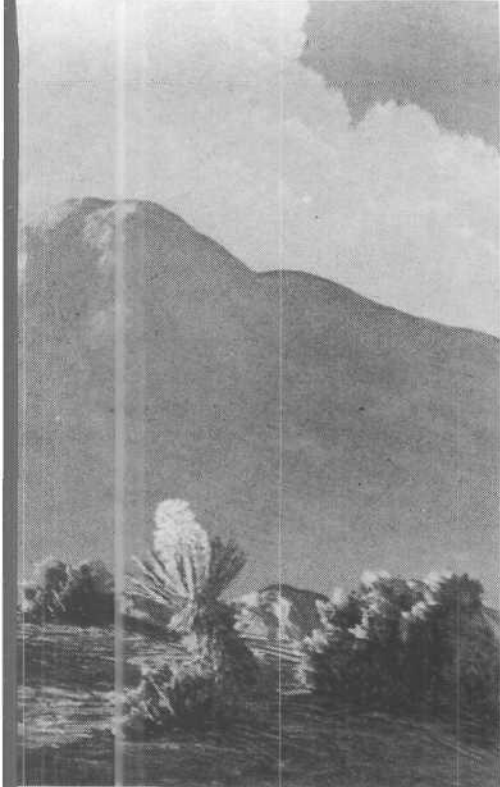
"Sculptor's Workshop," 18"x24"

Private collection of Dr. & Mrs. Thomas



"Eternal Happiness" 18"x24"

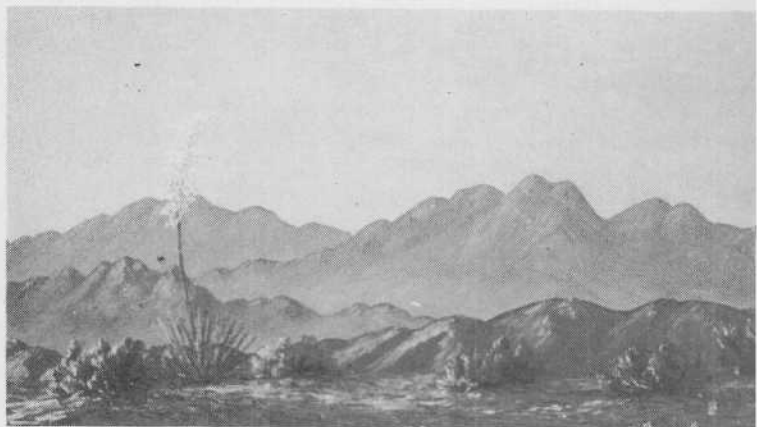




"Moonlight and Primroses," 28"x30"

Private collection of Mr. & Mrs. Jim Beltz

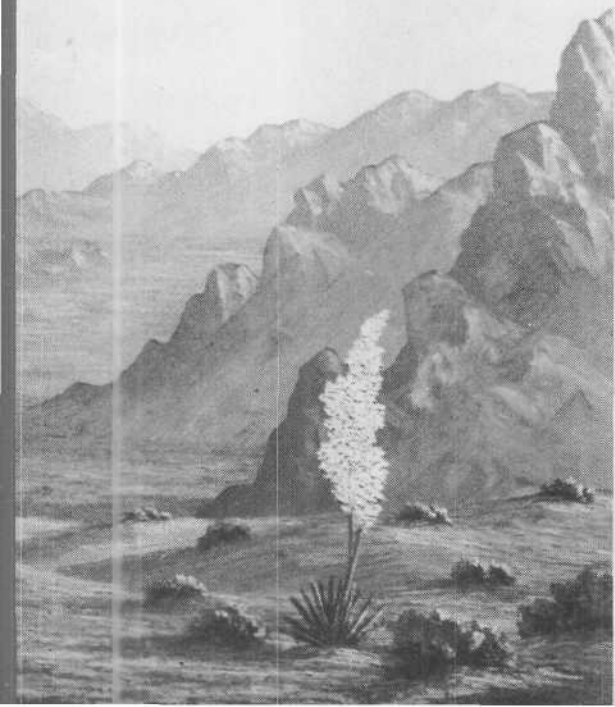
one-woman show to be held at the Saddleback Inn Western Art Gallery in Santa Ana, California from November 30th to December 20th, and commencing with an artist's reception and demonstration, and several of her paintings are on display at the Desert Magazine Art Gallery in Palm Desert, California. □



"Moonbeams"
15"x30"

"Splendor," 18"x24"

Private collection of Dr. & Mrs. R. Smeton



The Last Governor of Mexican California

by KATHERINE SHEEHY

WOULD GOVERNOR Pio Pico have approved of the 605 Freeway and the steady stream of motorized traffic only a stone's throw to the east of his beloved "El Ranchito?" Would he have welcomed today's four-lane paved Whittier Boulevard to the north of the rancho, where in Pico's day squeaky ox-drawn *carretas* loaded with fruits and vegetables meandered along the dusty-in-summer or muddy-in-winter "county road" on tedious journeys to the San Gabriel Mission or the Pueblo of Los

Angeles? What about the flood control basins where in the old days the San Gabriel River used to flow unchecked, and the freight trains now rattling along the Southern Pacific overpass, on the west side of his ranch? What would Governor Pico have thought about all this—progress?

El Ranchito, home of the last Governor of Mexican California, lies almost forgotten beside the bustle and roar of the freeway, originally called "San Gabriel

River Freeway," and Whittier Boulevard. A state park ranger presides over the spacious grounds and what remains of Don Pio Pico's "little" ranch, now designated "State Historical Landmark No. 127." The ranch was much larger in Pico's heyday. Nevertheless, what survives is a haunting symbol of California's transition from Mexican to American rule. Pio Pico played a leading part in the cultural and economic development of American California in a surprising turn-



Brick-paved patio of Don Pio Pico's "El Ranchito." Covered porch with stairs to the second floor may be seen at left rear. Huge ash tree towers over the structure at upper right of picture.

Cactus along
one side of
the historic
hacienda.
Adobe bricks
may be
clearly seen
at right.



around long after his days as governor during the tumultuous Mexican period.

His grandparents and his father accompanied the trek of Juan Bautista de Anza from Sonora, Mexico to Alta California in 1776. His grandmother, Dona Maria Arballo de Gutierrez, high-spirited and brave, sang and danced to entertain the soldiers along the way. Some say that Governor Pico inherited his grandmother's recklessness. The Anza Expedition arrived in California after a long and hazardous journey. In due course San Gabriel Mission was founded.

Pico's father was a soldier guard at the Mission. Pio was born May 5, 1801, the second son of 10 children, while his father was stationed at the Mission. "I was born in a brush shelter, not even a house," Pico states in his memoirs. When he was 18 years of age, his father died and soon Pico was supporting the large family. He was successful in this venture by operating a general store in San Diego, later expanding into other business enterprises.

Pio Pico's political life began in 1826 with his appointment to the *disputacion*, an advisory committee to the governor. He received his first land grant in 1831, the 8900-acre Rancho Jamul, southeast

of present-day San Diego, the beginning of his empire. Pico married Maria Ignacio Alvarado in 1834, and when she died in 1860 he did not remarry.

In the beginning, Spain had claimed all of California and regarded it as a Spanish province. Land grants were issued by the King of Spain, who sent governors from Mexico. However, Mexico and Spain entered into a war, and Mexico won. Thereafter, Mexico began to claim the fertile valleys of California for its own. Chaos resulted, a period of stormy revolutions. California was entering its final period of Mexican rule, and Pico soon became the leader of a group of southern California dons who opposed the existing rule of Mexican governors in Monterey. In 1831 Don Pio Pico led his first revolution and by 1832 managed to become Governor of California. But it was only three months before he was unseated by the return of power to Monterey politicians.

Again in 1845 he led a resistance movement, this time against Governor Micheltorena. The revolution was successful and Pico assumed the governorship in February, 1845. He was formally sworn in as Governor of California on April 12, 1845 and served until August 1846. While he was governor, Pico

moved the capital of California from Monterey to Los Angeles.

Now he had a new problem to contend with—the rising tide of American immigrants who were pouring into the state and becoming aware of its attractions. The American military invasion cut short Pico's term of office. While he was still governor, he fled on horseback to Mexico City in an attempt to get help in the form of money and men to fight the conquest of California by the American forces who were advancing south to Los Angeles. The Mexican government refused to give him any help whatever. This paved the way for the eventual takeover of all of California by Kearny, Stockton and Fremont.

Pico came back to California in 1848 and was granted freedom from persecution, with citizen's rights, by Military Governor Fremont. In this period he used his wealth and influence in the early development of Los Angeles. He served as city councilman and did much for education, banking and the laying out of townsites. He and his brother, General Andres Pico, built the magnificent "Pico House," a three-story, 81-room hotel, in 1869 at the staggering cost of \$100,000. There were walnut furnishings, even indoor plumbing, and its

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stairs were striped with "best quality Brussels" over the oil-cloth. In recent years Pico House Hotel has been restored as part of the Pueblo de Los Angeles State Historical Park in downtown Los Angeles.

It was in the American period that the El Ranchito property was acquired. In 1850 Pico bought 9000 acres of the Paso de Bartola land grant from the heirs of Juan C. Perez for \$4692. The hacienda was constructed with the aid of Gabrieleno Indians, who leased farmland on the ranch from Pico under a sharecropping arrangement. The house was built overlooking the rich bottomland next to the San Gabriel River. Construction was in the early California manner of adobe buildings. Mixing mud, sand and manure with straw, the Indians poured the mixture into wooden forms, then set them aside for drying. When dry, the mixture provided an excellent brick.

The walls varied from two to three feet in thickness. The structure was built in a "U" shape with a court open to the east between the wings. A covered porch with stairs to the second floor is on the inside of the "U" and there is a well in the courtyard.

Life at El Ranchito was exciting in the early years. Don Pico was a gracious

host, together with his lovely wife Maria and their adopted children, and they lavished hospitality and entertainment on everyone who visited the hacienda.

Soon tragedy was to strike, however, first in the death of his wife in 1860, and then in disastrous floods and financial reverses for Don Pico. In the flood of 1867 the course of the river changed and it came to within 50 feet of the ranch house, sweeping away beautiful gardens on the west aide, and there was major damage to the structure. Then, after rebuilding, the hacienda was completely destroyed in the floods of 1883-1884. Only the foundations and a few walls remained. Rebuilding was started again in 1884, using some of the original foundations and partial walls.

Pico's fortunes were dwindling, and he had to borrow \$62,000. To obtain the loan, he surrendered the deeds to all of his properties. It was his understanding that the properties were *collateral* for the loan. But two months later, when he tried to repay the monies, the lenders claimed the \$62,000 was for a *conveyance of title* to all his properties.

In the years that followed, there was endless litigation in the courts in which nothing was determined until 1892 when the California State Supreme Court ruled

Schoolchildren are eager to discover the history of this last Governor of Mexican California. Wishing Well at rear of picture of courtyard has been added in recent years. Native shrubs similar to those in Pico's time are cared for by a Park Ranger.





The ranch home of Don Pio Pico, built during the American period by Gabrieleno Indians, is a haunting symbol of the transition from Mexican to American rule. This view is from the North side.

against Pio Pico. He was evicted from his Ranchito and with a few possessions in a buggy, went to live with his friend, Jonathan Warner, in Los Angeles. Two years later in 1894, he was dead at the age of 93.

The old gentleman had lived long enough at El Ranchito to witness the Quaker colonists arriving in 1887 to found the City of Whittier. This progress he viewed as he sat on the veranda of his adobe home. Portions of Whittier today were once part of the original Paso de Bartola land grant and were purchased from Pico. He watched the buggies and wagons clatter by along the county road as the cities of Anaheim, Fullerton and Santa Ana were beginning to emerge.

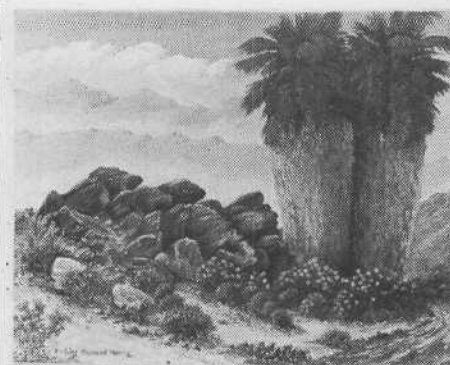
Although El Ranchito was allowed to fall into considerable disrepair following Pico's eviction, it was rescued from total oblivion by interested citizens. One of these, Harriet Russell Strong, long-time Whittier resident who had been a friend and visitor of Pio Pico, worked to save the property and formed the Governor Pico Museum and Historical Society in the early 1900s. Eventually the state took over the restoration and preservation of the buildings.

The grounds include varieties of native cactus and willows, and a double

row of huge sycamore trees. A giant ash tree towers over the ranch house. Not a trace remains of the chapel, mill, corrals and many outbuildings once part of the property. Gone, too, are the fig, pear and pomegranate trees, the fields of corn and barley and a grove of orange trees. Historical pictures, items and furnishings dating into the history of the cities of Whittier and Pico Rivera are on exhibit. A group of volunteer docents are available to give tours.

Busloads of schoolchildren, many of them Mexican-Americans, come on field trips for a peek into history, and these children are eager to learn about the home of the last Governor of Mexican California and the man who lived there so many years so long ago. Maybe he would have liked that.

Don Pico, who loved to race fine horses, might also have been intrigued with the speedy access to his Rancho. Take the 605 Freeway to the Whittier Boulevard Off-Ramp. Pio Pico State Historic Park, 6003 S. Pioneer Boulevard, is open to the public for a small admission fee Wednesdays through Sundays from 1 to 4 P.M., except holidays. Today El Ranchito stands as a link with that exciting period when two cultures met and merged to form modern California. □



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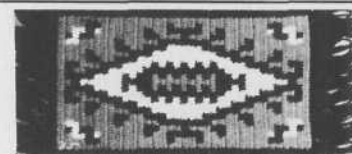
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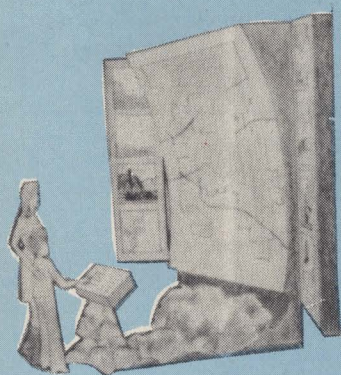
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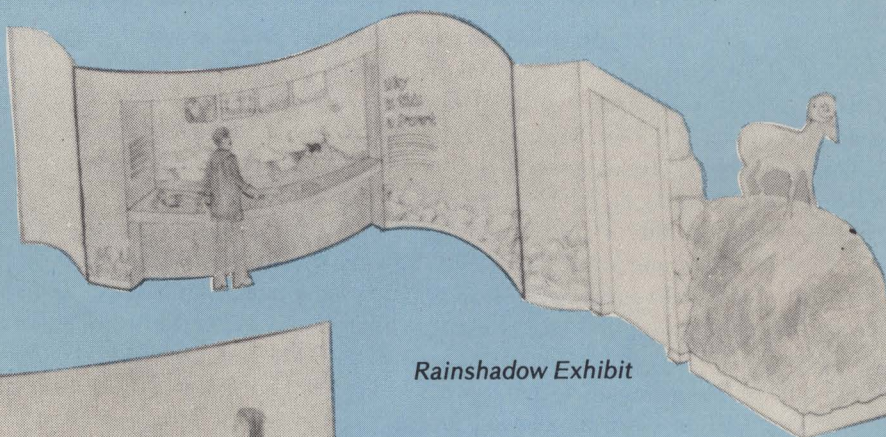
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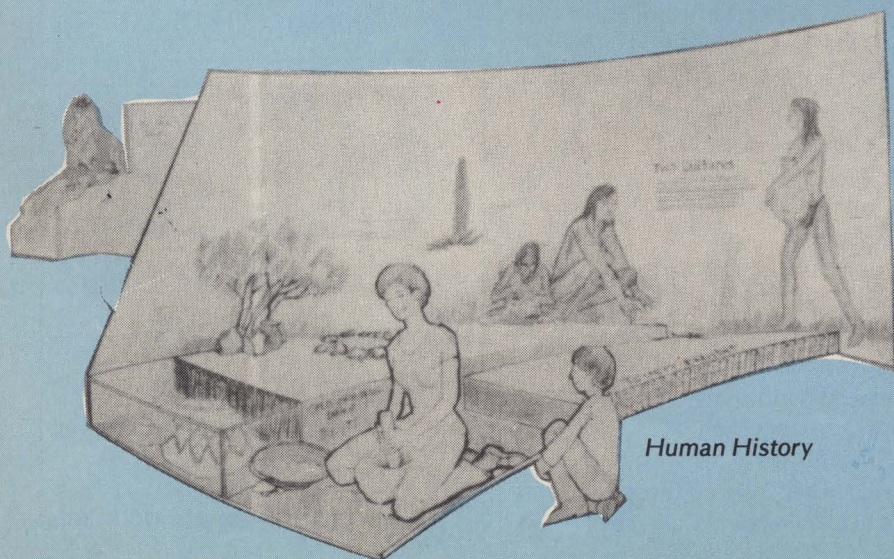
*The splendor
of the desert
in bloom.
Staff photo,
Anza-Borrego
State Park.*



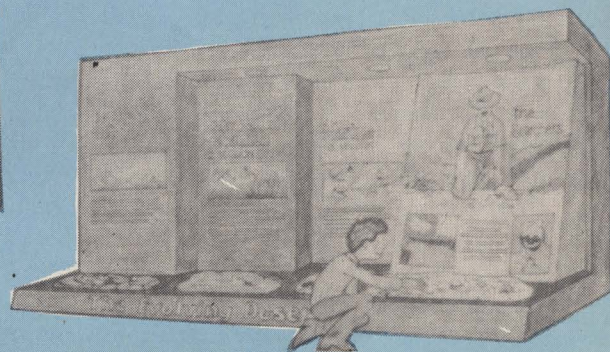
Locator Map



Rainshadow Exhibit



Human History

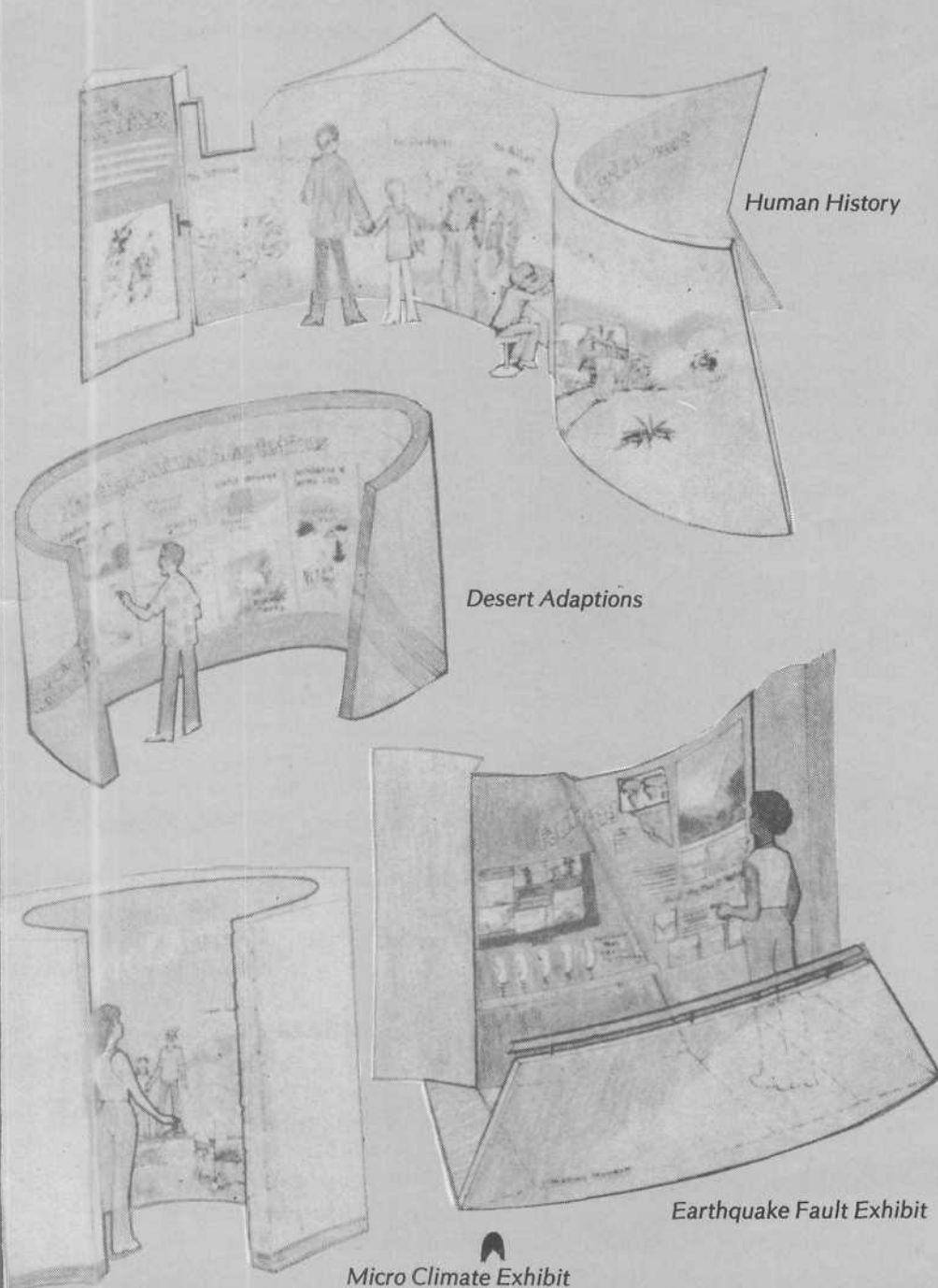


Window in Time

Center Underway

by BILL JENNINGS

Artist's conception of various exhibits in the near million-dollar project.



IN THESE times of Proposition 13 and the "what's in it for me?" syndrome that seems to be engulfing the state of California, it is refreshing to report a community bootstrap project of nearly \$1 million in a small desert town, with perhaps 1,000 permanent residents, working as full partners with the state and federal governments.

The project is the Visitors Center for the half-million-acre-plus Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, now under construction, hopefully for dedication by Easter time next year.

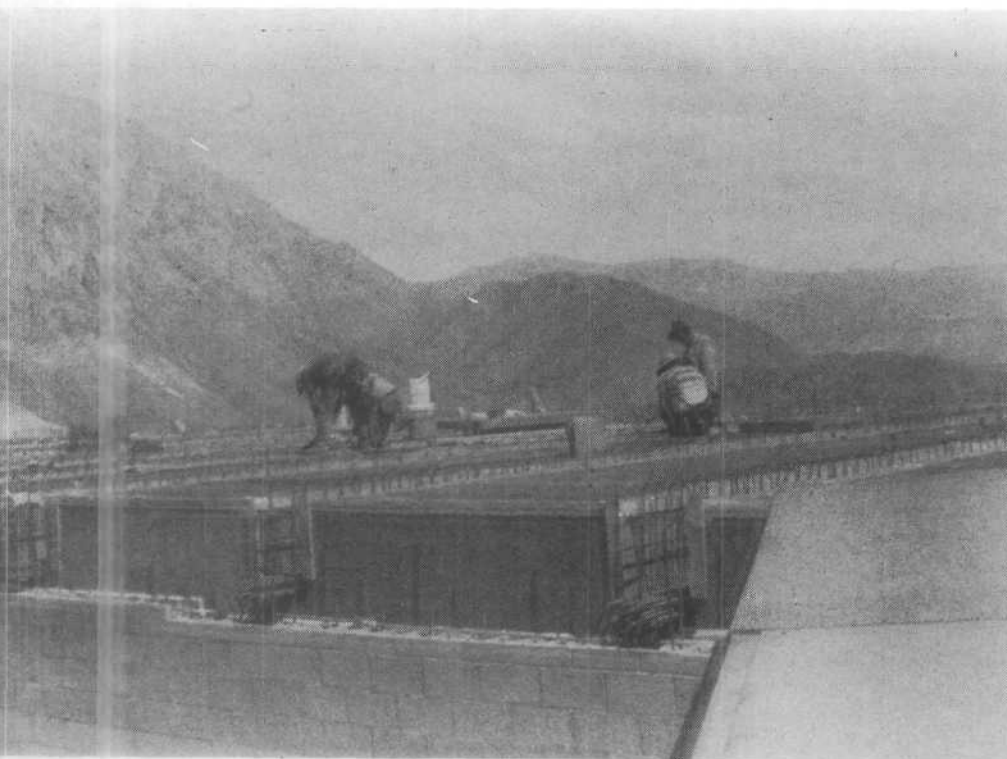
The Anza-Borrego Desert Natural History Association (ABDNHA) has raised more than \$300,000 of the total \$900,000 bare-bones construction cost and is ready to contribute equally toward the estimated \$100,000 or more needed to install the fixtures, utilities and exhibits to complete the unique half-underground structure of steel, native stone and concrete now rising. The site is adjacent to the entrance of the park's showplace, the Borrego Palm Canyon campgrounds, park headquarters and maintenance center, a mile west of Borrego Springs.

The site, 200 yards from the "new" park headquarters, a former residence, is on a gradually sloping alluvial fan in lower Hellhole Canyon, commanding a sweeping view of Borrego Valley, the Font's Point badlands area and southeasterly to the Fish Creek Mountains.

It was chosen carefully by state park experts. An informal environmental impact survey revealed it contains no archeological or natural historic value—but a full crop of desert plantlife, which won't be disturbed.

That apparent paradox is due to the center's peculiar construction. It will be mostly underground, according to Park Manager Maurice (Bud) Getty. The one-story structure will be dug into the gently sloping site and the dirt and plant materials displaced by the upheaval will be replaced on top of the 7,000-square-foot building, with the cholla cactus and other desert perennials carefully replanted on the submerged roof.

The design also will ease pollution problems, at least the visual ones caused by the presence of a manmade structure in a natural area. Architect Bob Ferris of San Diego has designed an interpretative center as yet unique in California.



Workers prepare forms for the thick reinforced concrete roof of the new building, poured more than a foot thick to carry the heavy load of native soil and plants that will be put on top. The building is at ground level except for the entrance area.

What shows above ground will be the front or eastern facade of the one-story structure, a massive, curved wall of native stone, with a shaded entry area into the interior. An observation deck on the roof will enhance the magnificent view to the north, east and southeast. Steps will lead to the deck at one end, a wheelchair ramp at the other.

Inside features will include an audio-visual room seating more than 50 people, a large display area with replaceable dioramas and other exhibits, most of which will be made on the site, in a preparator's room at one end of the exhibit area. Storage, a reference or working area for visiting scientists and students, and a lobby area including an information booth and sales area complete the structure.

Visitors will be encouraged to touch exhibits and conduct themselves through the interpretative displays, according to the desert team from the Interpretative Planning Unit of the State Parks and Recreation Department, which recently briefed park staff members and directors of the Anza Borrego Desert Natural History Association.

"We have tried to stress the touch aspect in the exhibits," Leonard Smith, a park interpretative design specialist explained.

Park Manager Getty, who used to be a

naturalist and interpretative specialist himself, expanded on the new concepts for the volunteer group recently.

"There are many exciting new ways to present exhibits for the center," he said. "For instance, cassette TV of the flowers blooming on the desert, for immediate showing to visitors; a closed circuit TV at a water hole where the actions of a bighorn sheep might be observed; three-dimensional projections; a big relief map to orient the visitor to the typography of the desert and a movie projected from above to show park boundaries, a selection of approved park roads, and so on."

Getty's predictions, admittedly off the top of his head, were given to the history group more than a year ago. A more concise statement of the design was made by the Sacramento-based specialists early this year, and followed Getty's blueprint surprisingly closely.

But there were some interesting additions. For example, an earthquake exhibit, complete to the taped sounds of an actual temblor and a vibrating platform on which the visitor stands to receive what amounts to a three-dimensional sensation.

As you enter the main part of the building you will pass between a life-size statue of Juan Bautista de Anza and a mounted bighorn ram. Anza, whose

1774-1776 treks through what is now the park made the place famous, gave many of the place names that will be perpetuated on the locator map in the foyer. A group of 10 or more large color transparencies showing highlights of the huge park will light up in turn as you press the appropriate button.

The big stuffed version of the low desert's largest naturally occurring mammal presumably will be one confiscated from an illegal poacher, or perhaps a tragic road kill. Usually bighorns that die naturally are badly deteriorated by the time man finds the remains. It's against an 1873-vintage state law for any person, or even a state agency, to possess bighorn remains without a special permit issued only by the State Department of Fish and Game.

At the foot of the ram replica the park people plan to install an actual sheep skull, which visitors may pick up and examine.

Smith said a base relief map covering much of the Colorado Desert from the Salton Sea west to the San Ysidro Mountains, Anza-Borrego's dramatic western boundary, is also under study, based on a famous model installed in the Lava-lands exhibit near Bend, Oregon.

One of the most unusual exhibits will teach visitors about one of the desert's less-regarded traits, temperature variation. A circular area will include equipment monitoring actual outdoor temperatures at several levels, from the ground up.

"People walking across the desert with their dog can't seem to understand why the dog is tired out when they themselves are still feeling great," Smith told the natural history buffs. "They don't understand that the ground-level temperature may be much hotter than it is a few feet higher up."

Adaptation of plant and animal species to the arid, high temperature and windy conditions that are part of the definition of any desert will also be illustrated, along with the story of man's impact on the desert, from the supposedly non-Indian first inhabitants through the two known Indian cultures of the Borrego region to the white man's presence, Spanish, Mexican and Anglo.

Harry Daniel, president of the community association the past four years, explained the basic idea behind the center.

"Our basic philosophy is that the center will not be a dead museum but an orientation center, a place to which people can come to find where things are in our big museum," Daniel explained two years ago when the campaign began.

"Our museum, of course, is the park itself."

The association announced a \$300,000 campaign on Armistice Day, November 11, 1976, after the state agency had said it would spend up to \$400,000 as its share, thanks to a special bill approved by the State Legislature had been signed by Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., in October.

Association members had accepted the challenge originally in the spring of 1971 when they organized for the primary purpose of creating the center. Daniel had succeeded Alec Spencer, the first president, in 1974.

Ferris was appointed project architect in August, 1974. He had participated in the successful re-creation of California's first non-Indian settlement, San Diego's Old Town and was well experienced in dealing with state agencies.

The drive for the original goal, \$300,000, passed the halfway point, with \$164,000 by February 1, 1977. At that time, more than 250 individuals and groups had contributed, including the sixth graders at Borrego Springs' elementary school, who held an aluminum can drive, and high school students who staged a benefit basketball game.

And there was the Borrego Springs Soroptimists, a women's service group, which raised more than \$1,200 with a Valentine party and fashion show.

A real boost came in February, 1977, when trustees of the Nevada-based Max C. Fleischmann Foundation added \$25,000, their largest out-of-state donation since the late yeast king established the conservation and education endowment in his will more than 20 years ago.

Contributions came from more than 50 California communities and at least 15 states, the association reported recently, and the money is still coming in to Post Office Box 311, Borrego Springs, Calif. 92004.

And it's a good thing, because costs have been climbing alarmingly since the project was first announced. The original cost estimate was \$500,000, when the special legislation was introduced by San Diego's state senator, James R. Mills, a

noted California historian.

The law put a lid on the state contribution at \$400,000 payable when the local group, with Thomas McGuire, its vice president as fund chairman, was able to raise at least \$200,000.

Soon costs skyrocketed as the plans were finalized, and the roof was expected to total \$600,000, or a little more.

Finally the bids came in last spring, with the lowest of three nicely rounded off to \$727,727, that was submitted by Riha Construction Company of La Mesa. Consternation! That was some \$100,000 or more out of sight, let alone including furnishings and little details like water service, electrical connections and so on.

The state secured an additional grant of \$130,000 from the federal government, due in part to the presence of William Penn Mott, former state parks director, who now heads the California State Parks Foundation. In late 1976, Mott, a longtime friend of Anza-Borrego, threw the support of his statewide volunteer group behind the association.

Coincident with its special fund drive, the association continues to publish and purchase natural history books and materials which it sells to benefit the center fund and also operates the sales counter at park headquarters.

Happily, park headquarters had moved from its old garage quarters in the Borrego Palm Canyon campgrounds to a new \$69,000 complex in the former Rose Steadman home on a two-acre site at the entrance to the Palm Canyon center in July, 1977.

The move to more visible and attractive quarters not only picked up headquarters' attendance records but boosted book and other sales as well.

"It's like moving from the pits to the Ritz," Park Manager Getty quipped. The new offices and public reception area nicely complement the Visitors Center, which is just up the alluvial fan of Hellhole Canyon.

Present plans call for dedication next spring, hopefully by Easter Sunday, Daniel said. Significantly, groundbreaking ceremonies, witnessed by Daniel, Getty, Sacramento officials and others instrumental in the campaign, were held May 1, on the 50th anniversary of the state park system.

Hopefully, the new center will still be the crown in the state park system by the hundredth anniversary, May 1, 2078. □

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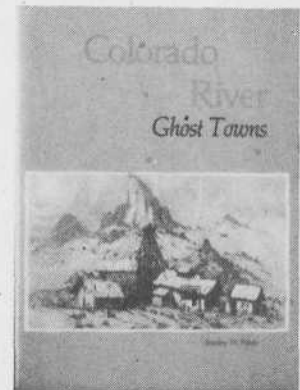
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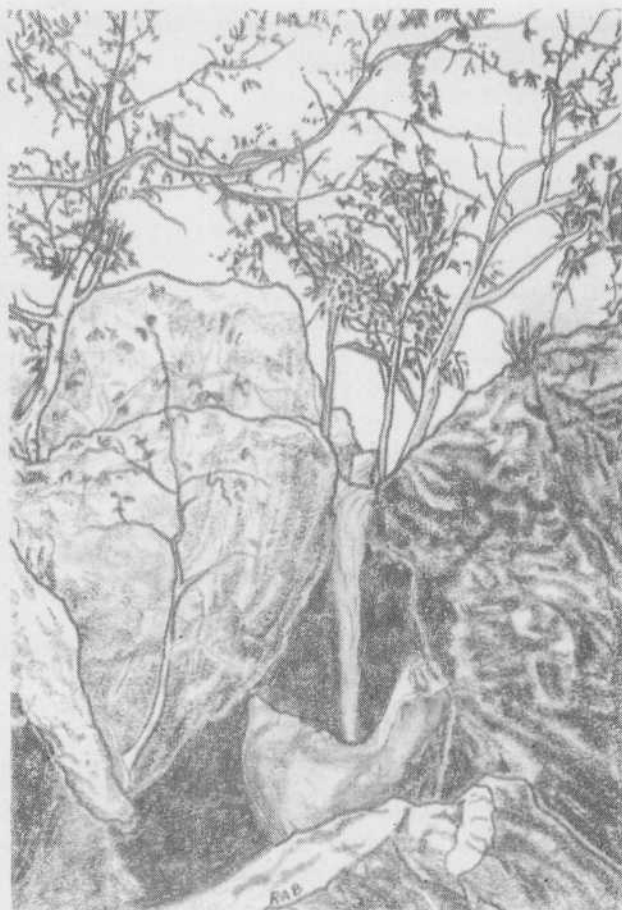
South Fork of Sheep Canyon

THE SOUTH FORK of Sheep Canyon emerges from the San Ysidros some two miles below Salvador Canyon. The route to both palm oases is, in fact, the same until Collins Valley is reached. Then the road to Sheep veers left, or westward, and the track to Salvador angles off to the northwest.

Collins Valley has seen much history. A fraction of a mile along the road to Sheep Canyon, a dirt byway forks left to Santa Catarina Spring at Lower Willows, once the site of an important Cahuilla village. Countless potsherds remain to this day. Thick growth hides the spring itself, which may be the best in the entire Colorado Desert. Anza named the spot for Saint Catherine when he camped here on March 14, 1774, while opening an overland route from Sonora; his colonizing expedition also paused at Santa Catarina on December 23, 1775. It was a welcome oasis, for not far beyond in what is now southern Riverside County rose *El Puerto Real de San Carlos*, "The Royal Pass of Saint Charles," which marked the end of the long desert portion of the journey. A monument on a hill overlooking Lower Willows commemorates the Spanish pathfinder's twin peaks.

During the Garra Revolt of the early 1850s, the Indians held councils of war at Lower Willows, and several of their leaders were executed near the spring by the United States Army. Homesteaders arrived late in the century. Two men—Joel Reed and John Collins, for whom

by DICK
BLOOMQUIST



Collins Valley is named—settled at Santa Catarina at different times, but both had land title troubles. White and red men alike ran cattle in the valley and up Salvador and Indian canyons, which are fairly free of boulders.

A tall palm is a landmark at Santa Catarina Spring, but it may have been planted by man, as was the eucalyptus tree which stands nearby.

Moving westward across Collins Valley from Lower Willows, we soon catch sight of the wild palms in Sheep Canyon's South Fork. From the small primitive camp at road's end, with its shade ramadas, tables and pit toilets, the oasis appears close indeed, but that final fraction of a mile is slow going over steep, boulder-clogged, trailless terrain. The right side of the creek presents fewer obstructions than the left, however.

Despite the obstacles this is an enchanting corner of the desert. The lively stream twists and falls over smooth granite; ferns grow in shady nooks; lichens dapple thickset megaliths. I worked my way up past an occasional palm to a ten-foot waterfall encircled by a cloud of russet-green sycamores. It was December, and a portion of the leaves were wearing autumn's colors.

Moisture dripped and oozed inside a dank "cave" to the left, and upstream the main group of *Washingtonias* huddled beside the water's edge. Approximately 25 palms, mostly full skirted and of moderate height, grow in the South Fork, with two others on the hillside opposite the campground.

The canyon takes its name from the desert bighorn sheep which still roam these mountains. I found signs of their presence in the form of droppings. The word "Borrego" in "Anza-Borrego Desert State Park," "Borrego Springs," "Borrego Valley," and other local place names also honors these noble animals. Although the Spanish word literally means "a lamb less than one year old," in Mexican usage it refers to the bighorn sheep.

I came upon one bedrock grinding hole along the creek and saw much broken pottery near the confluence of the South Fork with the main canyon, which comes in from the right just above the primitive camp. Many palms are said to grow in Sheep Canyon proper, but only two are visible near the mouth, along with cottonwoods, sycamores and a small waterfall.

For the venturesome hiker this sector

of the San Ysidros offers other rugged palm canyons, too. Indian Canyon to the south, in addition to its own handful of Washingtonias, has three tributaries with palms; Cougar Canyon, the Valley of the Thousand Springs, and Deering Canyon. All are within three miles of Sheep Canyon's South Fork.

Abundant relics of aboriginal culture are part of the lure of Coyote Canyon, Collins Valley, and the San Ysidros, and Indians still occupy the Los Coyotes Reservation a few miles to the southwest. Pottery fragments, grinding holes, shelter caves, trails, rock markers, picto-

Mileage Log

- 0.0 Christmas Circle in Borrego Springs. Drive east toward Salton Sea on Palm Canyon Drive (San Diego County Road S22).
- 0.5 Turn left on Di Giorgio Road.
- 5.2 Pavement ends. **Four-wheel-drive recommended from this point on.**
- 5.8 Enter Anza-Borrego Desert State Park.
- 8.9 Fork. Turn left, crossing Coyote Creek.
- 10.0 Cross Coyote Creek a second time.
- 10.1 "Living fence" of ocotillos parallels left side of road.
- 11.7 Road drops into Coyote Creek. Water, mud and rocks for next four-tenths of a mile as roadway winds through Lower Willows.
- 12.1 (Approximate mileage.) Roadway climbs left bank and leaves Coyote Creek.
- 12.5 (Approximate mileage.) Fork. Bear left. (Right branch leads to Salvador Canyon.)
- 12.8 (Approximate mileage.) Fork. Bear right. (Left branch ends over a mile away at Santa Catarina Spring historical marker.)
- 14.5 (Approximate mileage.) Fork. Bear left.
- 15.0 (Approximate mileage.) Sheep Canyon Primitive Camp. South Fork palms are visible straight ahead. Elevation at oasis about 2000 feet.

graphs and mescal pits (depressions in which the hearts of the mescal or century plant were roasted for food) can be seen; unbroken ollas (clay pots) are sometimes discovered under overhanging boulders. It is to be hoped that park visitors will not violate the law by damaging or removing such signs of previous habitation. Important finds should be reported to a ranger.

Leaving the northern San Ysidro Mountains, we'll return to Borrego Springs and hike to a large oasis near the southern tip of the range—Borrego Palm Canyon. □



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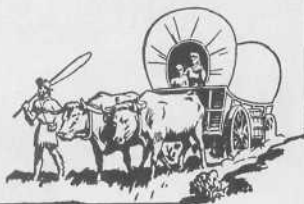
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9

8:00 a.m.—DEATH VALLEY HIKE. The Death Valley Hikers Association will begin their annual '49er trek at Skidoo. All hikers meet at Stove Pipe Wells General Store at 7:30 a.m. from where there will be a car shuttle to Skidoo and hike down Telephone Canyon. Hikers will overnight near the Emigrant Ranger Station Campground. The hike is 23 miles. Anyone wishing to join the hike must have heavy shoes, food and sleeping bags. Be prepared for cold weather or rain.

6:30-8:00 p.m.—NATURALIST TALK, Visitor Center Auditorium.

7:30 p.m.—CAMPFIRE, Stove Pipe Wells Village. Dick Crowe, 49er Director, will tell about "Scotty's Hidden Gold Mine."

9:00—DANCING UNDER THE STARS at Stove Pipe Wells Village.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10

6:00 a.m.—RISE EARLY and meet for a Photo Shoot. Take road to Sand Dunes picnic area—watch for sign on Highway 190 east of Stove Pipe Wells. Techniques of Sand Dunes Photography with props and models.

8:00 a.m.—HISTORICAL BREAKFAST at

Stove Pipe Wells Village. This year's Keepsake relates the life of T. R. Goodwin, 1st Superintendent of Death Valley National Monument. The speaker at the breakfast will be his wife and until now silent partner, Neva Goodwin, who will share many of their early experiences in the area.

8:00 a.m.—HOOTENANY BREAKFAST at Furnace Creek Golf Course. Hootenany Hoedown—bring folding chair.

10:30 a.m.—'49er GOLF TOURNAMENT, Furnace Creek Golf Course. Participants must be '49er Members and are asked to sign up 8:30 a.m. at Pro Shop.

10:30 a.m.—GEOLOGICAL TOUR. Dr. Thomas Clements, Conductor. Geological tour to Ubehebe Crater, North End Points ending at Scotty's Castle. Starts at sign on main road, north of Visitor Center. Your car.

11:30 a.m.—Arrival of the Death Valley Hikers at Stove Pipe Wells Village from their overnight base camp at Emigrant Ranger Station.

12:00 Noon—Arrival of RIDERS . . . 8th ANNUAL DESERT TREK at Blacksmith Shop, Stove Pipe Wells Village. Sponsored by Death Valley '49ers. Riders leave Indian Wells and Trona trekking over the Slate Range into Panamint Valley, riding through the Big Horn Sheep country of Goler Wash, Butte Valley,

12:30 p.m.—Arrival of PONY-DRAWN COVERED WAGONS at entrance to Furnace Creek Ranch. Pony-drawn covered wagons will travel 50 miles in five days.

1:30 p.m.—Arrival of RIDERS of the 17th ANNUAL DEATH VALLEY TRAIL RIDE at entrance to Furnace Creek Ranch. Co-sponsored by The Equestrian Trails, Inc., and Death Valley '49ers, Inc. 120 riders will cover the 125-mile historic route from Ridgecrest by way of Indian Wells Valley to Death Valley.

3:00 p.m.—DESERT BANJO AND FIDDLER SESSION. Furnace Creek Ranch.

6:30-8:00 p.m.—NATURALIST TALK, Visitor Center Auditorium, Furnace Creek Ranch.

7:30 p.m.—CAMPFIRE across from Stove Pipe Wells Village. Featuring "Assorted Tales," both true and false about Death Valley history.

7:30 p.m.—CAMPFIRE, Texas Springs. George Sturtevant will regale us with stories about some of the fabulous characters who lived in Death Valley, Wild Rose and Trona.

9:00 p.m.—DANCING UNDER THE STARS at Stove Pipe Wells Village.

9:00 p.m.—SQUARE DANCING UNDER THE STARS at Furnace Creek Ranch on new tennis courts.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11

8:00 a.m.—PHOTOGRAPHERS BREAKFAST, Stove Pipe Wells Village. Charles and Velma Harris FPSA, noted husband and wife nature photographer team, will relate experiences encountered while photographing wildlife of Alaska and the West.

8:00—AUTHOR'S BREAKFAST at Furnace Creek Golf Course. Featured speaker will be John A. Hussey of Piedmont, former National Park Service historian, consultant, author of numerous books and papers relating to various aspects of the American West.

8:30 a.m.—ENCAMPMENT HIKE, Salt Creek Traverse. The six-mile hike passes through the south end of the Devil's Corn-

field, follows the course of Salt Creek—with its below sealevel waterfall, migratory waterfowl and desert pupfish. Meet on State Highway 190 at Devil's Cornfield where car shuttle will be arranged. Bring canteen, lunch and stout shoes.

10:00 a.m.—GEOLOGICAL TOUR. Dr. Thomas Clements, Conductor. Geological tour to middle part of the Valley. Starts at sign on main road, north of Visitor Center, ending at Stove Pipe Wells Village in time for the Chuck Wagon lunch. Your car.

10:00 a.m.—NEW EVENT-LAPIDARY AND MINING. Adjacent to entrance Furnace Creek Ranch. View demonstrations of lapidary, silversmithing, dry washer operation, etc.

10:30 a.m.—'49er GOLF TOURNAMENT, Furnace Creek Golf Course. Participants must be '49er Members.

12:00 Noon—CHUCK WAGON LUNCH, Stove Pipe Wells Village.

2:00 p.m.—DESERT BANJO AND FIDDLER SESSION, Furnace Creek Ranch.

2:00 p.m.—BURRO FLAPJACK SWEEPSTAKES, Stove Pipe Wells Village Area. A dozen and a half prospectors, as stubborn as their burros, compete in a unique, hilarious race of men and beast.

6:30-8:00 p.m.—NATURALIST TALK, Visitor Center Auditorium.

7:30 p.m.—DESERT BANJO CONVENTION at Stove Pipe Wells Village. Featuring the best plinker plunkers of five-string bluegrass banjos competing for trophies and cash prizes.

7:00 p.m.—EVENING ASSEMBLY, Park Area, north of Golf Course Road, Furnace Creek Ranch. Bring your chair. Wildlife of the American West by Charles and Velma Harris FPSA, noted nature photographers from Mariposa.

8:30 p.m.—15th ANNUAL OLD-FASHIONED FIDDLERS' CONTEST. Follows Evening Assembly—same location. The best Fiddlers in the West will compete for cash prizes and trophies.

9:00 p.m.—SQUARE DANCING UNDER THE STARS. Join in the fun level square dance at Furnace Creek Ranch.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12

7:00 a.m.—PROTESTANT SUNRISE SERVICE, Desolation Canyon. Services by Christian Ministry in National Parks.

8:30 a.m.—CATHOLIC MASS. Visitor Center Auditorium. Services by Father Henry Grupa.

8:30 a.m.—ENCAMPMENT HIKE. Gower Gulch to Valley Floor. This 2½-mile hike starts down Gower Gulch, near Manly Beacon, past old borax ratholes and into Golden Canyon, eventually winding up on the Badwater highway. Assemble at bottom of hill below Zabriskie Point overlook, with canteen, brunch and stout shoes.

8:15 a.m.—ARTISTS' BREAKFAST, Furnace Creek Golf Course. Watch the creation of a new western painting by leading western artists and development of a portrait by Leslie B. DeMille.

10:30 a.m.—CONDUCTED TOUR. Tour to South Valley points. Starts at sign on main road, north of Visitor Center, your car.

6:30-8:00 p.m.—NATURALIST TALK. Visitor Center Auditorium.

RIO BAVISPE

Continued from Page 11

The last village in this historic chain is Huachinera, 13 miles upstream from Bacerac. About halfway between the two towns, the Rio Bavispe turns eastward into the mountains, but before doing so, the road fords the river three times. If the water is high, check these crossings carefully before plunging in. Several of them have a very narrow, submerged vehicle way and even in normal water depth, if you get off the route, you could easily find yourself stalled in water up to your door handles. It is always best to put your bathing suit on and wade these fords on foot first, or wait until a Mexican comes through and follow his route.

Huachinera's history closely parallels that of Bavispe and Bacerac. Unlike its downstream neighbors, however, Huachinera boasts of still having its original church. It is not the big church off the present plaza with two bells in the tower, but a simple one-story adobe building a couple of blocks away. Anyone you encounter on the street can point you in the right direction. The old church is now privately owned and not used for regular services, but the people who live next door have kept the building up and will let you in to look at the altar.

If your time is limited, Huachinera will probably be the end of the line. It need not be, however. If you have a four-wheel-drive vehicle, your exploration of the Rio Bavispe need not stop here. You can follow a rough track to the southeast into the heart of the Sierra Madre Occidental to rejoin the river at Rancho Tres Rios amid some of the most spectacular scenery in Northern Mexico. The road goes to the very headwaters of the Rio Bavispe near Colonia Chunchupa and beyond to rejoin the paved highway at Madera. Or you can follow a road to the southwest which takes you across rough lava and miles of desert wilderness to Huasabas and Moctezuma, where you can pick up a paved highway to Hermosillo.

Whether you visit the Rio Bavispe Country enroute to someplace else, or as a destination in itself, it is an area you will fall in love with and return time and time again. I should know—I have gone back many times myself. □



This scene adjacent to the Hite Marina is one of many areas around the Lake Powell concession where wood—from collector's driftwood to firewood—has stacked along the shoreline. The wood is available to the public.

Hite Marina Happenings

AFTER OPENING a store, gas station and boat storage in 1977, the new owners of Lake Powell's Hite Marina set up three objectives for 1978—more rental boats, a new dock and a launch ramp.

Boats were added this spring, and the dock became a reality when it was installed and christened in August. "It's about triple the size of the former dock," explains Lou Mallory, general manager of Bullfrog and Hite marinas.

It provides fresh water, electricity and sewage pumpout, with room to berth 47 houseboats and powerboats. An attached new fuel dock can service either three houseboats or six powerboats at one time.

The new dock was built for the Del E. Webb Corporation, which owns Hite Resort & Marina, by the Pinkney Construction Co., of Boulder City, Nevada, which build many of the docks on the

Lower Colorado River and lakes. The new dock was assembled at Wahweap and floated 150 miles uplake, using the tanker "Chevron Service" as a tugboat.

The third 1978 Hite goal—a new concrete launch ramp with adjoining parking—did move a step closer to reality with completion of surveying by the National Park Service. NPS has the responsibility for providing public facilities such as roads and ramps but presently has no funds for the project. Webb and NPS are studying alternative ways to have a ramp installed.

Another plus for Lake Powell enthusiasts is Del Webb's Midweek Houseboat "Hobo Special" from Wahweap, Bullfrog and Hite Marinas with a whopping 50% discount! Bullfrog and Wahweap also extend off-season savings on room rates and boat tours. Write them for complete details and enjoy one of America's most beautiful playgrounds. □

What's Cooking on the Desert?

by STELLA HUGHES

Turkey!

IT'S NOT generally known that Southwestern tribes of American Indians raised turkeys as much as a thousand years ago. Archaeologists have found, behind the living quarters of the great cave dwellers, so many turkey pens that poultry raising was indicated as a major industry.

The first Spaniards, when they invaded the country, saw the well-tended flocks of the Zuni and were surprised to learn beautiful blankets were made from turkey feathers, as well as supplying them with a delicious supplement to their venison diet.

The big birds were plucked (possibly only the finest and softest underfeathers) and the feathers wrapped on cord warps and wefts, providing blankets that were soft and warm. Blankets made in this manner, of both feathers and rabbitskins, persisted until sheep, introduced by the Spaniards, provided wool for a more serviceable product.

Turkey and all the trimmings for Thanksgiving has become as traditional in Southwestern Indian homes as that of the palefaces. Many of our apache friends refer to Thanksgiving as "Turkey Day," and when the hunting season opens on wild turkey, they turn out in droves. The San Carlos and Whiteriver Reservations in Arizona have some of the largest flocks of this big game bird

than any other area in the state.

Back some 40 years ago, an old cowboy friend, Pete Cobb, told me about the time he had a little joke on a couple of Apaches and roasted wild turkey. This was during the time the Double Circle Cattle Company had a permit to run thousands of cattle on the San Carlos Reservation. Occasionally the owners hired Apaches to work on the roundups. On this particular ride, there were two old-timers, one a horse wrangler and the other the salt packer.

Pete told me their camp at Dry Lake was one that was most unpopular with the Apaches, as there were numerous owls hooting and carrying on at night. Now, the Apaches are more superstitious of owls than they are of bears and snakes, and that is a lot. So understandably, they were highly upset when one morning the cook shot an owl out of a nearby tree. They shook their heads, and said he hadn't ought to have done that. They predicted only evil would come of the deed. They were glad to ride off with the rest of the crew for the usual days work.

Later in the morning the boss drove up and handed the cook a fine young gobbler he'd shot earlier. The cook, being talented in this line, made a cornbread dressing and roasted the bird in a 16-inch Dutch oven.

When the crew rode in that evening they were assailed with the heady aroma of roasting turkey. A respite from the usual fare of beef and beans was always welcome, and the cowboys hastened to line up at the pots.

Pete, having a morbid sense of humor, slipped around and whispered to the Apaches that the cook had roasted the owl. Without further ado, and with no explanation to the boss, the Apaches slunk out of camp and rode back to their village. The boss was highly upset over the turn of the events as he was short-handed, and the Indians were sorely needed. Pete never breathed a word of his part in the Apaches' sudden exodus.

During the 30 years my husband was manager of the vast tribal herd for the San Carlos Apaches, we often found ourselves shipping cattle during Thanksgiving week. Facilities at the stockpens were most primitive, the only modern convenience being one lonely water hydrant, while all the cooking was done in Dutch ovens. We slept in tents, and pre-

pared our meals under a brush arbor. The closest towns were 40 miles in either direction.

Not to be cheated of our holiday fare, I would buy a turkey at the trading post, and the night before Thanksgiving, stuff it with my famous dressing, and bury the bird in our barbecue pit.

The next day at noon the bird was resurrected, and we feasted in camp under the make-shift *jaca* to the tune of bawling cattle.

The recipe I use for stuffing is over 100 years old. It was one my great grandmother brought from Canada, to New Bedford, Massachusetts. Then my grandmother, Georgina Bouvier, taught my mother how to make it when my mother was girl living in North Dakota. Recently, my granddaughter won first prize in a 4-H cooking contest, using the same recipe.

The recipe has no doubt been adapted to modern conveniences, as over 100 years ago few homemakers had a meat-mincer at their disposal, so hamburger is of a more recent vintage. Monosodium glutamate was probably added by my grandmother, and I suspect celery, in Canada, may often have been unavailable in the winter.

French-Canadian All-Meat Stuffing
(for 15-pound turkey)

- 5 cups water
- 2 pounds ground round beef
- 1 pound sausage (buy the best kind)
- 1 large onion, chopped fine
- 4 stalks celery, chopped fine
- 2 tablespoons salt (less if sausage is very salty)
- 1 scant tablespoon poultry seasoning
- 3 tablespoons Accent (monosodium glutamate) optional, but if you leave it out the stuffing does not taste as good. Accent enhances meat.
- 1 large loaf white bread, plus 5 or 6 slices. Toast bread in large pan until well toasted and dry; turn occasionally. Cut toast in 1/4-inch pieces.

In a 5- or 6-quart kettle, cook slowly everything except the bread. Cook 25 minutes to 1/2 hour. Then turn fire as low as possible, and let simmer as you add bread cubes, stirring all the while until well softened. Cool thoroughly. Overnight is best. Store in refrigerator until time to stuff turkey. Then roast turkey your favorite way. This dressing is a real winner, and once you've tried it, you'll never want any other. ☐



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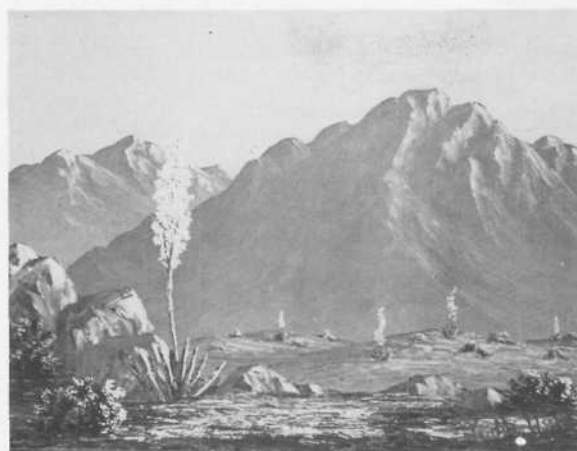
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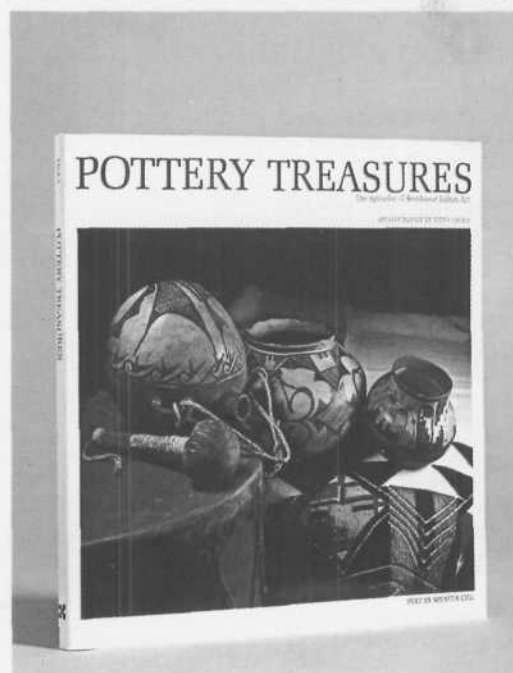
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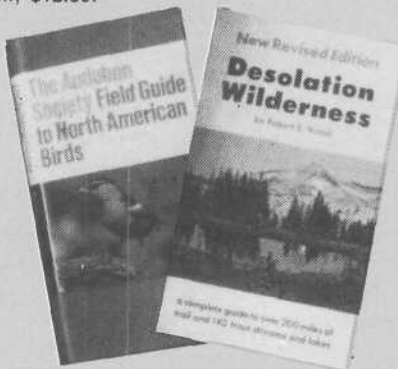
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GRAFTON

Continued from Page 23

raids on horses and cattle continued. Even though they suffered severe losses and lived in fear of their lives, the settlers remained at Grafton.

In 1870, Mormon leader Jacob Hamblin accompanied Major J. W. Powell to a peace mission with a gathering of Navajos at Fort Defiance, Arizona. Their journey was successful due to Hamblin's cool judgement and peace was declared.

Many of the original settlers did not return to Grafton as the tempestuous Virgin River had continued to slowly erode away the fields. Over the years a number of people became disgruntled and moved to other communities. Alonzo Russell, Grafton's first presiding elder, clearly saw his duty in another light and stated, "Brigham Young called me to settle Grafton and he has not given me a release." This sturdy, pioneer family remained and, eventually, a third generation of the Russell family called Grafton home.

While the men talked, Wanda gave me a tour of her Grandfather Russell's home—her parents and children, including Wanda, also had lived there for many years. Her eyes sparkled as she recalled fond memories. "The front bedroom was known as 'teacher's room,' as they always stayed with us," Wanda explained. The one-room school, housed in the church, closed in 1919. Its last teacher was Wanda's brother, Anthony.

"Life was hard, compared to the way we have things now," Wanda commented. "Everyone had their share of work to do, even the children. In the early days, nearly everything had to be made from scratch. There were few appliances. We had one of the first washing machines, but even so, it was a day-long task and done outdoors.

"Water was heated in a large tub while the clothes were wet with cold water. The hot water was placed in the washer along with homemade lye soap. Each load of clothes required turning the washer by hand for 10 minutes. The clothes were then put through a wringer, placed in a tub of hot, soapy water and boiled for about five minutes. Two tubs of cold water provided the rinsing—the last tub had bluing added. Clothes to be starched were doused in a starch bucket.

My mother was very fussy about the ironing. We used a set of three irons heated on a wood stove. It was quite a job," she concluded.

Wanda's mother cooked for a large family and anyone else who happened to be around at meal time. Breakfast consisted of hot biscuits, bacon, beans and fresh vegetables or fruit in season. The main meal was eaten at mid-day from a bountiful table. Supper was light, usually bread, milk, cheese and fruit (fresh or home canned). All their food was home-grown.

"We enjoyed many simple pleasures while growing up in Grafton," Wanda told me. "There were ball games, socials, swimming and dances. The latter were never missed. When one of the nearby settlements held a special dance, the young people would pile into a hay wagon and drive there. On Sundays, everyone attended church and related activities."

Our visit to Grafton is one we will always remember. I am indebted to Wanda Russell Truman for making available some of Grafton's history and sharing intimate, family memories with me.

Surrounded by old, mellow buildings and the brilliant formations of Utah's Color Country, a deep sense of tranquility seems to embrace you when visiting the old town. We had made new friends and Grafton had come to life for us through Wanda's recollections. We hope to return one fall, when the annual reunion of "Grafton Folk" takes place. Stories are retold, acquaintances renewed and there is much discussion about the "good old days." Grafton may be abandoned but she lives on in the hearts of those who knew her and in succeeding generations who have learned her story.

Jerry and I were left with thoughts to ponder. Grafton personified the Early-American lifestyle—love of God—love of family—love of country. People struggling together to build a better tomorrow for the generations that would follow. At this period in time, should we not give thought to the ways of our ancestors? Can we not stop our wastefulness, the pressures and unnecessary demands and return to a more simple lifestyle? To do so would not only help our environment, but bring renewed pleasure in each other, family, friends and the living creatures who share our homeland. □

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Lost Trigo Ledge Found? . . .

The following are notes of interest concerning the discovery of the lost silver ledge in the Trigo mountains north of Yuma in Yuma County.

Some years ago, my wife, Jerry, and two young men, Mark Corwin and Floyd Marlow, all of the Blythe area, were curious and fas-

cinated by the story of this lost ledge near the old Silver Clip mine. Off and on, for a period of over three years, we would go back into that area searching for the ledge. We would go to Cibola on the Colorado River, proceed along the river on the east side and up through the Clip Wash north of the old Clip diggings, working east from the Clip Wash. One day we lucked out.

We took the right wash and to our amazement, came upon an old Spanish digging. While traversing the hills in that area, we saw two small hills—the photos would better describe what we had discovered. We had truly found the lost silver ledge in the Trigo mountains. To find this after so many years, to walk up the hills and look across and see that ledge, was a very, very gratifying feeling.

We staked a claim and did our work on the ledge. We do not at this time intend to mine the ledge. We are, however, interested in leasing the mine to a qualified mining company.

JIM PEADEN,
Thousand Palms, Calif.

Calendar of Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. We must receive the information at least three months prior to the event.

NOVEMBER 4 & 5, NRC Gem and Mineral Club's 4th Annual Treasure Chest of Gems. 1834 W. Valencia Dr., Fullerton, California. Contact Vic Crawford, 1679 Low Lane, Chino, California 91710 for information.

NOVEMBER 4 & 5, annual "Wonderful Weekend in Twentynine Palms," Twentynine Palms, California, at the Junior High School on Utah Trail, and the Art Gallery on Cottonwood Drive. Combines Gem and Mineral Show, Weed and Flower Show, Smorgasbord, Art Show and other activities. Free admission to exhibits and free parking.

NOVEMBER 9-12, Death Valley Encampment, in the Stovepipe Wells and Furnace Creek areas of the National Monument. Hotel accommodations limited, so make reservations early or plan to "camp under the desert stars." Campfire meetings, historical talks, guided tours and exhibits. Fun for the whole family.

DECEMBER 2 & 3, 9th Annual "Red Carpet" Gem and Mineral Show, Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, 1855 Main Street, Santa Monica, California. Outstanding professional and amateur gemstone, mineral and fossil displays. Working demonstrations; dealers.

DECEMBER 9 & 10, American River Gem and Mineral Societies 14th Annual Gem and Mineral Show, Placer County Fairgrounds, Hwy 65 and All American Blvd., Roseville, California. Exhibits, demonstrations, 75c donation.

JANUARY 20 & 21, "Gemboree '79" sponsored by the Tule Gem and Mineral Society, Exeter, California.

FEBRUARY 16-25, National Date Festival's "Gem and Mineral Show," sponsored by the Coachella Valley Mineral Society, Desert Gem and Mineral Society, San Geronio Gem and Mineral Society, Shadow Mountain Gem and Mineral Society. Fairgrounds, Highway 111, Indio, California. Information: Chuck Gage, National Date Festival, P.O. Drawer NNNN, Indio, Calif. 92201. Exhibit entries close January 23, 1979.



CENTRAL UTAH

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